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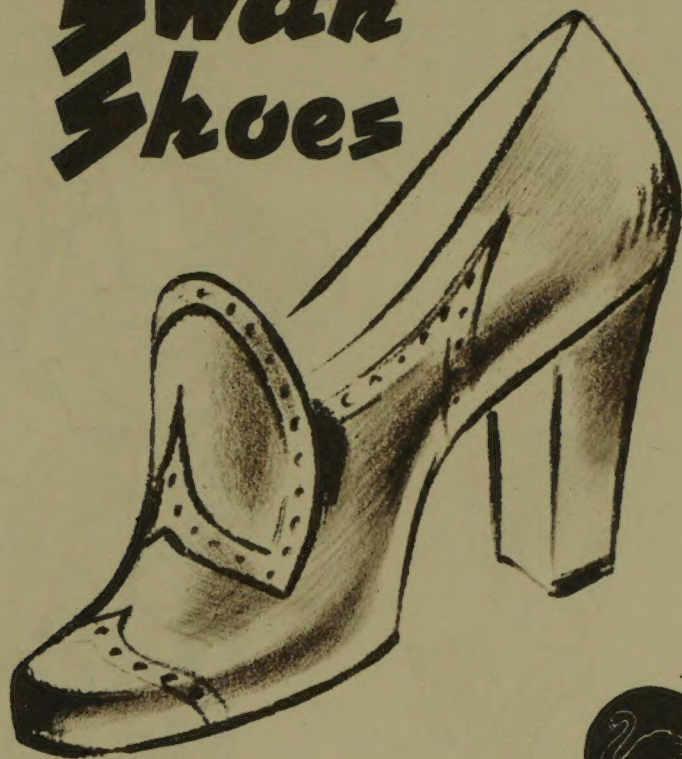
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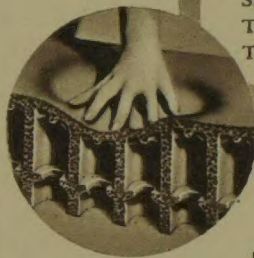
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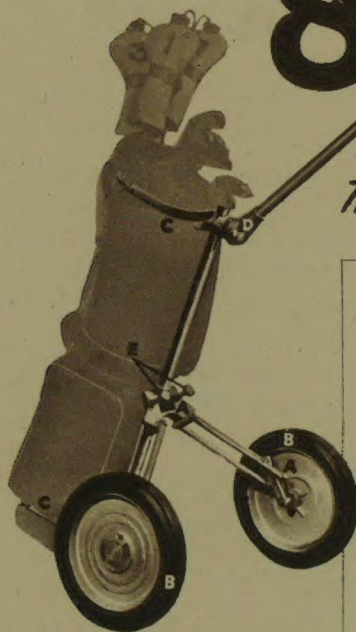
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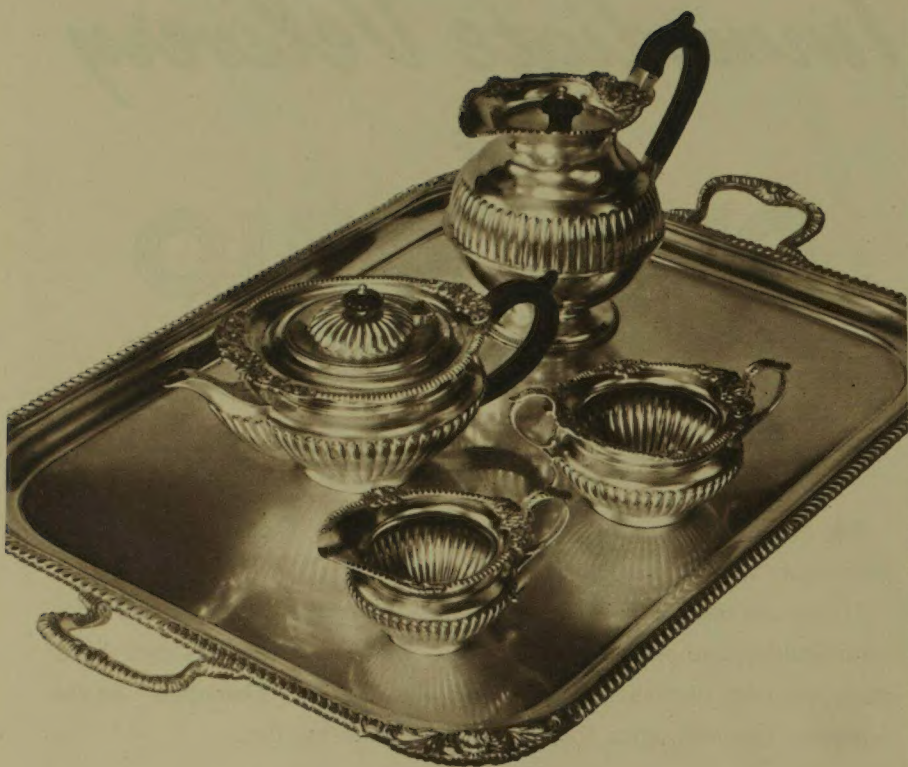


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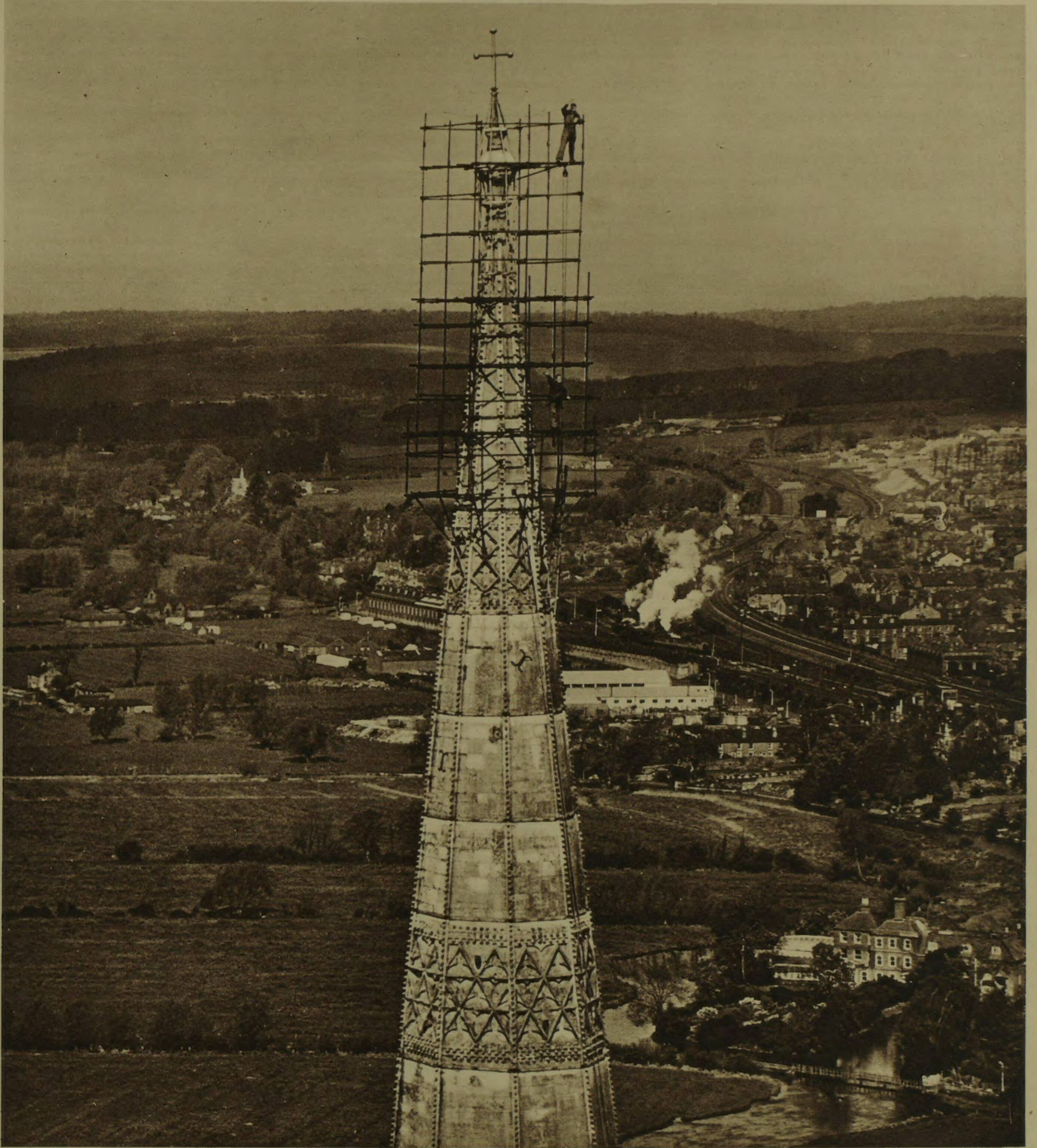
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SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1950.



FRAMED IN SCAFFOLDING IN PREPARATION FOR THE RESTORATION WORK FOR WHICH A £100,000 APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED: THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER.

The restoration work on the spire of Salisbury Cathedral which is deemed "immediately necessary" will involve the removal and replacement of the existing cross, capstone and uppermost 25 ft. of stonework, and it is hoped that the work will begin in June. The spire, now framed in scaffolding, still houses the oak timbers which were used as scaffolding by the fourteenth-century builders and masons who erected it. The original winch used nearly 600 years ago for raising materials through the tower to the foot of the spire is still used to-day for the same purpose. In the

restoration work, three electric lifts will also be installed to raise materials to the 404-ft. spire, which is the highest in England. On April 27 a £100,000 appeal was launched to cover the cost of immediate repairs to the spire, and to the tower and roof which will be necessary in the next few years. A photograph of the Cathedral appeared in our issue of May 6, together with the address to which donations should be sent: Canon A. F. Smethurst, Ph.D., The Hungerford Chantry, 54, The Close, Salisbury.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that the spire of Salisbury Cathedral is in danger and that the diocesan authorities are appealing to the public for funds to save it. After, perhaps, the dome of St. Paul's, Salisbury spire is almost the most precious material heritage of England. It would not, of course, if put up for auction, fetch as much as a factory or a big block of offices in, say, the Strand, or the Crown Jewels, because, unlike these things, it is not susceptible of being turned to any single individual's profit. But for 700 years it has inspired and lifted the spirits of successive generations of English men and women, and borne testimony to the faith and high achievement of England. It is the crowning glory of England's age of faith: the loveliest, or almost the loveliest, thing ever wrought by men in this realm of England. To let it perish would be a crime against generations of unborn Englishmen, and an inexpugnable disgrace to the generation that allowed it to do so. Yet it seems possible that our generation—unless the Treasury reckons that the spire's fall might cause a diminution in our tourist dollar receipts—may through an omission commit this shocking offence.

The sum required is no more, I believe, than about £100,000—a sum within the reach of more than one private individual, and less than a hundredth part of what is to be spent, as I understand, next year by the State on the Festival of Britain—in order to achieve, in a far inferior and infinitely less permanent form, the ends that Salisbury Cathedral serves and will continue to serve. Yet it is possible that this small sum will not be raised, for it is precisely those who are most likely to possess the power to appreciate the Cathedral's value—those, that is, who were born into homes with an established standard of property and culture—who are prevented by our present fiscal system from operating, as they would have done in the past, to save it. For the whole object of our fiscal system is to deprive any individual, except a speculator—capital speculation alone not being taxed—from enjoying any more income than is necessary for the satisfaction of his or her purely personal material needs. A busy successful man who has a home to maintain and a wife and, say, two children to support and educate, is left, after defraying his professional or business expenses, with little or no surplus money for subscribing to the preservation of national monuments, however precious. The buying-power which once was his and which in his hands performed a most valuable civic function, is his no longer. It has passed, *inter alia*, to a multiplicity of small men who, together, by subscribing their spare pennies where once he subscribed his spare pounds, doubtless possess the power to save Salisbury Cathedral many thousands of times over. But, though they possess the power, they do not possess the will to do so. In the overwhelming majority of cases their upbringing has been too stunted for them to realise the significance of creative beauty or of religious and æsthetic inspiration. They prefer to devote their surplus buying-power to dog-racing, cinema seats, television sets and strip cartoons. All other buying-power—one of immense quantity—is concentrated in the hands of the State; that is to say, of the officials of the State who, whatever their private predilections, are bound hand and foot by regulations which are almost entirely unconcerned with cultural matters. For culture in England has mainly, and I think, very wisely,

hitherto been the concern of the individual and not of the State. But, as we have now deprived the private individual of the power to serve cultural ends, except on the smallest and most personal scale, the State has got, in default, to concern itself with culture. If it does not, culture and all its monuments will perish in England. A private individual, whatever his income level and however highly taxed, has still power to devote his creative and æsthetic gifts in his spare time to, say, gardening—if he is fortunate enough

to possess a garden—or to water-colour painting. But all great creative work requires time, and visible and communally shared creative work, like architecture, the time of many men. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral cannot be repaired and maintained by a doctor or a bank manager in his spare evenings or by his cultured wife in the intervals of standing in shopping queues and washing plates.

There is a tremendous amount to be said for the Welfare State. When, for instance, it takes the form

of widows' allowances and widows' pensions, there seems to be almost everything to be said for it. It is worth sacrificing a great deal to achieve such a sensible triumph of humanity and elementary justice, and whatever, for instance, the proportion of my earnings taken to finance it, I cannot help feeling proud that my country, however many faults and follies it may have committed in achieving it, should have led the world in this. Even a professional man, whose hope for an independent old age is almost completely sacrificed to it under our existing fiscal system and who, as a result, must expect to remain in harness until the day of his death, cannot grudge the contribution he makes to the lightening of this age-long burden of poor suffering women. The sum total of misery and anxiety alleviated by such a social device is literally beyond calculation. But if we are to accept the Welfare State as part of our great and living national tradition, that State must accept the full

responsibilities of its position. If the feudal State, and the Tudor State, and the oligarchical State of the eighteenth century, and the capitalist State of the nineteenth could find the wherewithal to preserve and transmit a great treasure like the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, the Welfare State of the twentieth century must learn, before it is too late, to do the same. It must not complacently leave it to the classes who, when they had the power, preserved the cultural heritage of their country, but whose power to do so has now been deliberately destroyed to create general social welfare. Otherwise the Welfare State will itself be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Man does not live by bread alone; still less does a nation.

The preservation of Salisbury's lovely spire will, one trusts, be solved by the generosity of private individuals, here and in the Commonwealth, and perhaps, also in the United States of America, whose cultural heritage, historically speaking, it is, almost as much as our own. The sum required is so small compared with the enduring human wealth at stake. But though Salisbury Cathedral may still be saved in this traditional way, there is so much else in England worth preserving and enhancing that cannot now be preserved and enhanced by private individuals alone. The amount of buying-power left in individual hands, particularly in those of the minority—and in any country it is never more than a minority—of men and women possessing culture and disinterestedness, is far too small to ensure it. The answer—and it is a most urgent one, for I can see, even within my own small field of vision, a hundred instances of it on every hand—is probably a dual one: a moderate reversal of the egalitarian restriction of private buying-power, which has gone too far for national health and survival, and a real and substantial provision by the State for the activities which in the last resort ennoble men above all others, and whose fruits belong not to one generation alone, like the satisfaction of material needs, but to all the generations unborn.

A HISTORIC MANSION NEAR LONDON WHICH OPENS TO THE PUBLIC ON MAY 17.



NOW IN THE CARE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: HAM HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY; THE SOUTH, OR GARDEN, FRONT. THE MANSION, BUILT IN 1610, WAS ENLARGED BY ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF LAUDERDALE.



SHOWING THE SPLENDID SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DECORATION: THE NORTH DOOR, HAM HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY.

Ham House and its gardens were generously presented to the National Trust in 1948 by Sir Lionel Tollemache, Bart., and his son, Mr. Cecil Tollemache, whose ancestors had inhabited the mansion for three centuries. To ensure the proper maintenance of it, the National Trust made over the property to the Ministry of Works on a long lease, and the contents were purchased by the Government and entrusted to the care of the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is responsible for the arrangement of the house—to open to the public on May 17. The original Ham House was built in 1610 as a modest country residence, by Sir Thomas Vavasour, Knight Marshal to James I. In the middle of the century it was bequeathed by her father to Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale. She enlarged the house and redecorated it in the baroque style of the period. On other pages we illustrate the interior of Ham House as it has been arranged under the guidance of Sir Leigh Ashton, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The cover design of the Guide to Ham House is based on an engraving of the house published in our issue of November 27, 1858.



A COMMUNIST VERSION OF THE HITLER YOUTH MOVEMENT: THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH ORGANISATION MAY DAY PARADE IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR OF BERLIN, WITH BANNERS BEARING SLOGANS; AND HUGE PORTRAITS OF STALIN.

The Communist method of training youth up in the Soviet ideology has been described by many writers, and its alarming efficiency noted. This photograph provides a forceful record of the way in which the Soviet leaders have translated and adapted the principle of the Hitler Youth Movement into the Communist Free German Youth Organisation. It depicts the May Day parade in the Soviet Sector of Berlin, in which the Free German Youth Organisation, the People's Police, the Trade Unionists and other "mass organisations" participated. The march-past—interspersed with speeches and music—lasted over 6½ hours. The Free German Youth

contingent carried banners with slogans expressing their Communistic faith and huge portraits of Stalin, who was described as the "wise leader of the world peace movement," and other leaders, as well as banners announcing that their appearance was a prelude to the great Whitsun Berlin Youth Rally of 500,000 Communists from all parts of the Eastern Zone. According to the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, the May Day march in the Soviet Sector was "a grim blend of Teutonic regimentation, Russian proletarianisation and hostility to the Western Powers." It was, he concludes, "typical of the pattern of life in the Soviet satellite State of Eastern Germany."



THE GREAT NEW AIRCRAFT CARRIER, THE FOURTH *ARK ROYAL*, LYING IN THE MERSEY IN FRONT OF THE WHITE SLIPWAY, AFTER BEING LAUNCHED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. TO THE LEFT LIES H.M.S. *ILLUSTRIOUS*, WHICH HAS A DISPLACEMENT OF 23,000 TONS AS AGAINST *ARK ROYAL*'S EVENTUAL 36,800.

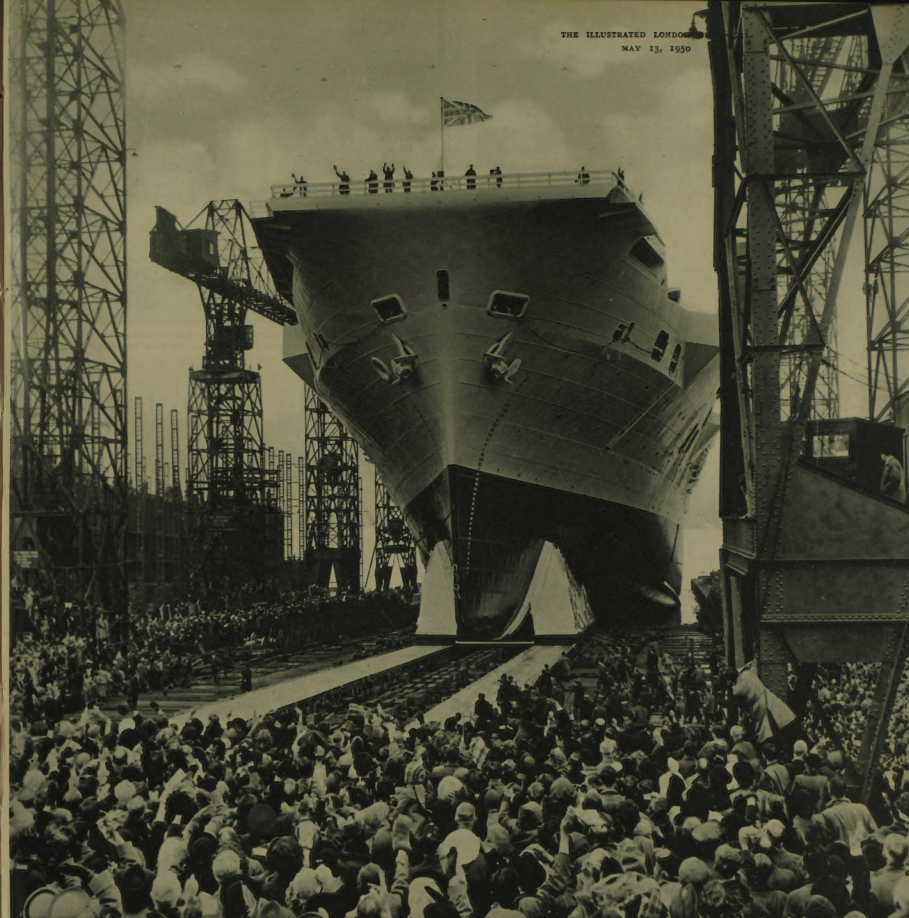


HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE 50,000 PEOPLE WHO CROWDED CAMMELL LAIRD'S YARD AT BIRKENHEAD BEFORE SHE NAMED AND LAUNCHED *ARK ROYAL*, THE FOURTH OF HER FAMOUS NAME AND THE MOST UP-TO-DATE AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE WORLD.

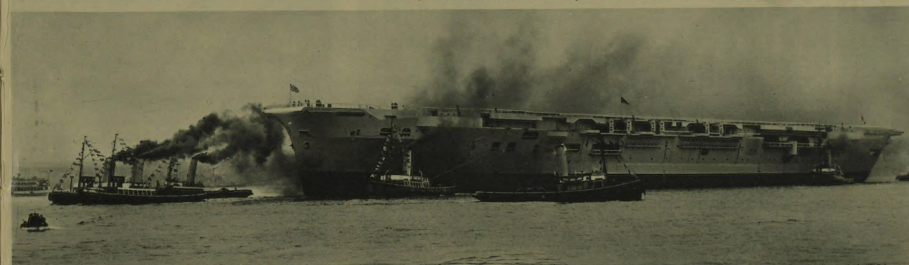
Shortly after mid-day on May 3, at the top of the spring tide, Queen Elizabeth named and launched the new Fleet aircraft carrier, *Ark Royal*, the fourth of her illustrious name and "the most up-to-date aircraft carrier in the world." Her keel was laid seven years ago and her launching has been delayed by the priority given by the Admiralty to the building of merchant ships. Her sister-ship *Eagle* was launched at Belfast by Princess Elizabeth in March, 1946, and is now being fitted out. On the day of *Ark Royal*'s launch, she received a signal from *Eagle*: "Be a good girl and you will soon be big enough to come and play with us." The

launch was a great occasion for Merseyside. The yard of Cammell Laird was crowded with spectators to the number of about 50,000; H.M.S. *Illustrious*, which lay in the Mersey near by, acted as a floating grandstand for more than 1000 guests of the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth (Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor), and fired a salute of 21 guns to welcome the new aircraft carrier; and several squadrons of aircraft from the R.N. Air Station, Stretton, comprising *Sea Hornets* and *Sea Furies*, took part in a fly-past during the ceremony. It was generally agreed that the actual launch had never been bettered, *Ark Royal* picking up immediately the Queen pressed the button,

HER MAJESTY NAMES AND LAUNCHES THE FOURTH *ARK ROYAL*—THE MOST UP-TO-DATE



ARK ROYAL TAKES THE WATER PERFECTLY. THE GREAT AIRCRAFT CARRIER, WITH HER SISTER-SHIP *EAGLE*, IS SECOND IN SIZE ONLY TO *VANGUARD* IN THE ROYAL NAVY.



ARK ROYAL AFTER HER LAUNCH. WHEN COMPLETED (IN ABOUT TWO YEARS' TIME), SHE WILL HAVE A DISPLACEMENT OF 36,800 TONS. SHE HAS AN OVERALL LENGTH OF 803 FT. and taking the water with remarkable smoothness. The main machinery as well as the hull has been built by Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co., Ltd.; and as she had on board all her main turbines, propelling machinery and boilers, *Ark Royal* is the heaviest as well as the largest ship launched from this yard. She has an overall length of 803 ft. and when completed, in a little more than two years' time it is estimated, she will have a displacement of 36,800 tons, will be the most up-to-date aircraft carrier in the world, and

with her sister-ship *Eagle*, will be among the largest aircraft carriers of the world and second among the warships of the Royal Navy only to H.M.S. *Vanguard*. The first *Ark Royal* was Lord Howard of Effingham's flagship at the defeat of the Armada, the second was the first large seaplane-carrier, converted from a merchantman and used in the Gallipoli campaign; the third was the famous ship of the last war which the German radio "sank" so often and which ended her illustrious career near Gibraltar in 1941.

AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE WORLD AND THE SECOND LARGEST WARSHIP IN THE ROYAL NAVY.



(ABOVE) THE DUKE'S CLOSET, HAM HOUSE: THE HANGINGS REPRODUCE A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PATTERN AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE. THE MARQUETTES MIRROR RESEMBLES ONE AT WINDSOR.

HAM HOUSE, Richmond, Surrey, as noted on a previous page, was presented to the National Trust by Sir Lionel Tollemache and his son, and has been leased by the Office of Works, and arranged by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It will open to the public on May 17. Elizabeth Dyrart, the remarkable woman who inherited Ham House, enlarged and decorated it with lavish magnificence after her marriage to the Duke of Lauderdale, Charles II.'s Minister and a member of the Cabal. "The ceilings, the woodwork, the hangings, the chimney-pieces, the furniture, the elaborate parquet floors, were designed with meticulous attention to detail and a careful regard to the total effect," write Mr. Ralph Edwards, F.S.A., and Mr. Peter Ward-Jackson, in their admirable illustrated "Guide to Ham House" (H.M. Stationery Office; 1s. 6d.). They continue: "Much of the

(RIGHT) THE QUEEN'S BED-CHAMBER, SO CALLED FROM THE 1679 INVENTORY; IT WAS PROBABLY INTENDED FOR CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA. IT IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE CABAL ROOM. THE TAPESTRIES ARE SIGNED BY BRADSHAW.



(ABOVE) THE GALLERY: THE SCANTY FURNITURE AND ABSENCE OF A FIREPLACE INDICATE THAT, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE USUAL CUSTOM, THE GALLERY WAS INTENDED FOR SHOW AND EXERCISE. (RIGHT) THE GREAT HALL: THE ORIGINAL BILLIARD TABLE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY ONE OF THE SAME PERIOD FROM THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. ABOVE IT HANGS A BRASS CHANDELIER DATED 1738, ALSO LOANED BY THE MUSEUM.



A PRINCELY ENGLISH MANSION FURNISHED IN LAVISH RESTORATION TASTE: HAM

THE DUCHESS'S BEDCHAMBER: THE BEDSTEAD, FROM THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, HAS RED HANGINGS, c. 1700. THE CHARLES II. CHAIRS ARE COVERED IN CONTEMPORARY VELVET.



THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM: THE MID-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIRS ARE COVERED IN UTRECHT VELVET; THE CABINET (V. AND A. MUSEUM) IS JAPANESE IN POLYCHROME WITH FLORAL MOTIFS.



(ABOVE) THE "VOLARY," FORMERLY A BEDCHAMBER, BUT BY 1683 CALLED THE "VOLARY ROOM," OR AVIARY. THE LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH TAPESTRIES ARE AFTER NICOLAS POUSSIN PAINTINGS.

Continued.
furniture was undoubtedly made for the house specially and is without parallel elsewhere. Moreover, the interest attaching to it is enhanced by the fact that a considerable number of pieces can be recognised in inventories compiled during the life of the Duchess. The first was drawn up in 1679, no doubt the date when the enlargement and the redecoration of Ham were completed. Another was taken in 1683, a year after the Duke's death. . . . Evelyn observed that Ham House was "furnished like a great Prince's," and no doubt the brilliance of the hangings, and the upholstery in all the principal rooms gave an effect of almost overwhelming splendour. A faint shadow of this may still be obtained from the existing wall-hangings and tapestries and from the upholstery of the chairs, though they are naturally worn.

(LEFT) THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM: THE ENGLISH TAPESTRIES CAN BE DATED BETWEEN 1699 AND 1710, AND THE PLASTER FRIeze AND CEILING ARE BY KINSMAN, 1637. IN THE 1683 INVENTORY THE FOUR INSET PAINTINGS ARE ATTRIBUTED TO CLEIN.



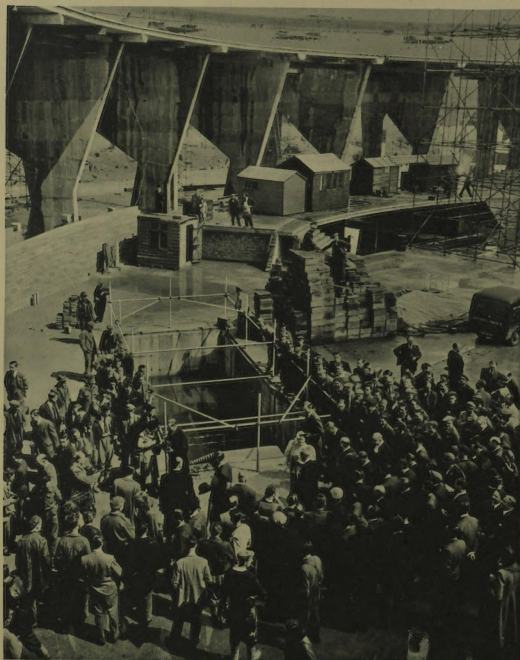
(LEFT) THE GREAT STAIRCASE: CONSTRUCTED IN 1637 OR 1638. IT IS OF A TYPE WHICH REACHED ITS FULLEST DEVELOPMENT AFTER THE RESTORATION. CARVED AND PIERCED PANELS REPLACE BALUSTERS. (ABOVE) THE MARBLE DINING-ROOM: WITH GILT LEATHER WALL-HANGINGS MENTIONED IN THE 1679 INVENTORY. THE PARQUET FLOOR, EVIDENTLY LAID IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, NO DOUBT REPLACES AN ORIGINAL MARBLE ONE.

HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY, WHOSE GLORIES MAY, AFTER MAY 17, BE ENJOYED BY ALL.

A YEAR BEFORE THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN IS DUE TO OPEN:



THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SITE AND THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON: THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS RISING BETWEEN CHARING CROSS AND THE EXTREME RIGHT, COUNTY HALL. THE NEARER BRIDGE IS THE CHARING TOWER CAN BE SEEN THE RISING FESTIVAL HALL (CENTRE, LEFT), AND LEFT



DURING THEIR VISIT OF INSPECTION TO THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SITE: THE KING AND QUEEN (RIGHT CENTRE FOREGROUND) IN A CIRCLE OF OFFICIALS, WORKMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS. IN THE BACKGROUND, RISE THE STRANGE-SHAPED SUPPORTS OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING SIGNING THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN'S VISITORS' BOOK DURING HIS VISIT A YEAR BEFORE THE EXHIBITION IS DUE TO OPEN.

ON Tuesday, May 2, just a year before the Festival of Britain is due to open, their Majesties the King and Queen, the patrons of the Festival, visited the South Bank site and saw what progress had been made. Although much remains to be done, much has already been accomplished, and it was possible for their Majesties to gain some general idea of the lay-out of this fine central site. As can be seen from our panorama, the odd yet curiously impressive basic structure of the Dome of Discovery is already taking shape near County Hall; the new embankment, which has reclaimed a considerable area from the river and foreshore, is in being and hints at the new river frontage which will become a permanent part of Central London; and between the Charing Cross railway bridge and Waterloo Bridge the great bulk of the Festival Concert Hall is rising fast. This last is to be a permanent feature,

THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE SOUTH BANK FESTIVAL SITE.

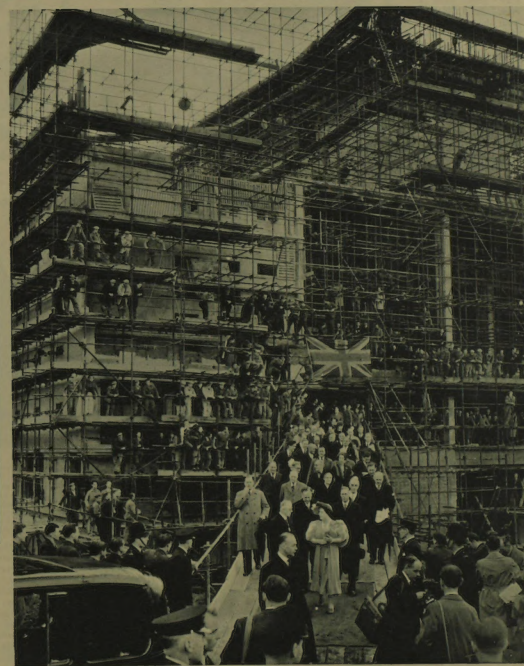


A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SOUTH BANK DEVELOPMENT, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NEW SCOTLAND YARD. IN THE LEFT DISTANCE CAN BE SEEN ST. PAUL'S; AT CROSS RAILWAY BRIDGE, WITH WATERLOO BRIDGE BEYOND. RIGHT OF THE SHOT OF COUNTY HALL THE CIRCULAR CONSTRUCTION OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.



THE QUEEN SIGNING HER NAME IN THE FESTIVAL VISITORS' BOOK: THIS CEREMONIAL SIGNING TOOK PLACE IN THE ARENA OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.

and when the Festival has run its course and its specialized buildings have been cleared away, the Concert Hall will form an essential part in the permanent development of what will be virtually a new area of Central London. The King and Queen, who were accompanied on their tour by Lord Ismay, Chairman of the Festival Council, and Mr. Gerald Barry, its Director-General, saw many of the principal features, and in the shell of the Concert Hall saw the space where the Royal box will lie. They also signed the visitors' book and, rain coming on, they had to shelter under Waterloo Bridge until the Royal cars were brought up. During their tour a number of architects, consulting and other engineers, and workmen were presented to their Majesties; and earlier they had visited the Festival Office and reviewed the plans for celebrating the Festival in many centres throughout the country.



THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE GREAT FESTIVAL CONCERT HALL, WHICH IS NOW WELL ADVANCED ON THE FESTIVAL SITE. THIS HALL IS TO BE ONE OF THE FEW PERMANENT FEATURES OF THE EXHIBITION, AND WILL BE INCORPORATED IN FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AREA.

NO apology is needed for returning to the subject of Marshal Tito, Dictator of Yugoslavia, and his attitude to the democratic States on the one hand and to Soviet Russia and the satellites on the other. Everything has been quiet since the last occasion when this subject was the most important feature of the news, last year, when it was revealed that considerable Russian troop movements had taken place on the Yugoslav frontiers; but there has been a steady change in Yugoslavia's foreign relations and in the nature of her trade. Marshal Tito himself spoke in a new tone when, in the course of a long address to the Yugoslav People's Assembly on April 27, he dealt with foreign and trade relations. It was not that his ideals had altered—or at least he gave no indication that they had—the change was in his political and economic outlook, and there can be no doubt that they have influenced his strategic outlook. This had been made inevitable, in part by the Russian manoeuvre to which I have referred, and in part by the tone of Russian propaganda since. Under continual threats, including a confident prophecy that his régime would be overthrown from within, no ruler, constitutional or otherwise, would be likely not to take precautions involving a change, or hastening one already begun, in political alignment.

The story of those troop movements did not reach us in detailed form at the time, for the good reason that no correspondent was allowed to report them from the countries in which they took place, Hungary and Rumania. Such accounts as reached the British Press came from Belgrade, where an official announcement was made on the subject. Gradually, however, more information became available. It was learnt that the rather sensational movements reported were not the first that had been observed; there had been earlier ones on a smaller scale and, what was even more significant from the military point of view, some work on the strengthening of bridges and the improvement of roads. The moves which caused the excitement included those of long columns of tanks, in some cases, if not in all, on transporters. It was afterwards said that the Russian troops involved had split up into small detachments and gone to ground in villages not far from the frontier. There was never any report of their departure, but perhaps none was to be expected even if they went away. It struck me at the time that this event took place rather late in the season to make it probable that the Russians meant business at last, but I could not absolutely discount the possibility.

Looking back now, we may conclude that the incident was part of the war of nerves, perhaps coupled with a military exercise, but there is also the bare possibility that it was undertaken in the hope of stirring up internal resistance to Marshal Tito. If so, there has been no evidence that it had any serious success in this respect. As I have said, the demonstration has been followed up by attacks of increasing bitterness on the part of spokesmen of Soviet Russia and those of the countries where their words are dutifully echoed. The strongest of these came not long ago from one of the most prominent figures in the Soviet Union, Marshal Voroshilov, speaking in Budapest. Such was the atmosphere in which Marshal Tito addressed the People's Assembly. It is not a matter for astonishment that he showed resentment, or that he devoted much of his time to pointing out that Yugoslav policy had a positive as well as a purely defensive side. He said that relations with Greece and Austria had already improved, and expressed the hope that his country was moving towards better terms with Italy also.

As regards Greece, it was known before Marshal Tito's speech was delivered that the new Prime Minister of that country, General Plastiras, had been engaged in talks with the Yugoslav Chargé d'Affaires, talks which had come in for some criticism in Athens. As I pointed out when dealing with this subject last year, there is a long tradition of friendship and community of interest between Greece and Yugoslavia—or, rather, let us say a tradition which was begun in the days of the old Kingdom of Serbia and was carried on when the modern Yugoslavia was created after the First World War. In fact, the forcing of these two countries into opposite camps by means of the Communist ideology established in Yugoslavia was an unnatural factor. Once Yugoslavia became free from Russian influence as a result of her expulsion from the Cominform, it was to be expected that the interests which she shares with Greece would make themselves felt. These are economic as well as strategic. The Vardar corridor to Salonika provides an invaluable passage for Yugoslav trade, and it is to be noted that Marshal Tito looked forward to the resumption of railway traffic between the two countries and to the use by Yugoslavia of the free zone of Salonika.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MARSHAL TITO AND THE DEMOCRATIC STATES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

If things are allowed to develop peacefully this will assuredly take place in the near future.

The only important brand of discord in the relations between Yugoslavia and Italy is now to be found in the future of Trieste. There the Marshal's reference to the "unsolved questions" between the two countries was friendly. This was all the more remarkable because, not long before, an Italian pronouncement which seemed to Western eyes to go some way towards comprehension of the Yugoslav point of view had been answered by sharply critical comment in Belgrade. Probably too much should not be made of this outburst. Whatever be the prospects of a settlement between Italy and Yugoslavia over Trieste, it may be taken for granted that the latter intends to go in for some hard bargaining over it; she will therefore keep

to increase trade with the West, and announced with pleasure that this now surpassed in volume the former trade with Russia and the East, and that trade with the United States last year reached the pre-war level both in exports and imports. He did not pretend to be satisfied with the level of Yugoslav exports in general. His exhortations on this point resembled those of official speeches at home, and this was true also of his dealings

with agricultural production, which he described as urgently in need of an increase if the growing industrial population was to be fed in the future. On the following day Marshal Tito held a Press Conference, in the course of which he said that he did not expect Soviet Russia to launch a military attack on Yugoslavia at present. Other points made on this occasion were that he would negotiate with Italy about Trieste, but did not consider this a major issue at the moment, that he thought it unlikely Yugoslavia would receive American arms, and that he was about to release most of the Austrian prisoners of war still held in Yugoslavia and to review sentences passed on others.

It will be seen that the Marshal covered a wide field in the course of those two days. My impression is that what he said is to be taken at its face value to a greater

extent than is usual on such occasions, and that he is honest in disclaiming a desire to enter the Western camp, at any rate for the time being. It might be another matter if he found himself obliged to change his mind about the likelihood of a military attack on the part of Soviet Russia, since then active Western support would be a matter of life or death for him. Nor do I think he is bluffing when he discounts the likelihood of such an attack in the near future. It is remarkable how the prophecies of some of the most acute students of international affairs in general, and of Soviet policy in particular, have been belied by events. More than one whose opinion I asked at the time of the expulsion of Yugoslavia from the Cominform replied that the Kremlin could not afford to let a backslider, denounced in the terms then used of that country, escape retribution, and that this was likely to follow before many months were past. It must, indeed, be considered a score for Yugoslav prestige that the thunderbolt has not been launched, and also

that the economic consequences of the Eastern trade boycott have been much less damaging than might have been expected. All this is of considerable importance as regards the "cold war." Whether it is equally significant with respect to the major strategy of a possible active war remains to be seen. It may well be that the Soviet Union would in no case undertake an aggressive war to the westward without dealing simultaneously with Yugoslavia, in order to make sure of not being troubled by thrusts into the flank of the forces advancing westward. In that case it must be assumed that the Russians possess ample resources for the double task, and that the amount of aid which the West could then give Yugoslavia would be relatively slender. Thus, if a major world conflict were to break out, the military consequences of Yugoslavia's defection from the Eastern camp might be secondary only. As matters stand, however, they are of great consequence. They have helped to transform the situation in Greece. They have already forged new commercial links with the democratic States, and are likely to create more. They have brought about friendship with Austria and may lead to friendship with Italy. Nor does what has been witnessed already exhaust the possibilities.

Marshal Tito is a cool hand. He has watched all the other countries which ranked with his own as satellites being brought under increasingly strict control, and the Army of one of them, Poland, being entirely remodelled until it has become a Russian tool. It is certain that before he was excommunicated he was subjected to precisely the same sort of pressure as that to which the heads of other States succumbed. Since then he has lived under a constant threat of open war alternating with that of an internal revolution engineered from outside. As for his own personal safety, I do not imagine any insurance company would accept the risk of his life without a very stiff premium. He has shown no intention of yielding and no outward sign of nerves. I am far, very far, from saying that he is out of the wood yet: in fact, that is something which cannot be said of any ruler or nation to-day. He has certainly, however, put up a fight unequalled by anyone else in his position since the war, and so far with success.

In our issue of April 22 we published a photograph showing the unveiling of a memorial plaque in honour of Simon, Amethyst's famous cat, at Plymouth. We have been informed that the donor was not Mrs. Elizabeth Muntz, as stated, but that the work was executed by Miss Elizabeth Muntz, the sculptor.



MARSHAL TITO (STANDING AT THE TRIBUNE, RIGHT) SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW YUGOSLAV PARLIAMENT. ON THIS OCCASION HE MADE A THREE-HOUR SPEECH, THE IMPLICATIONS OF WHICH CAPTAIN FALLS EXAMINES IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.



MR. SENOVIC, THE YUGOSLAV CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN ATHENS (LEFT), BEING RECEIVED BY GENERAL PLASTIRAS, THE GREEK PREMIER, IN ATHENS.

During his three-hour speech at the opening of the new Yugoslav Parliament (shown in our upper photograph), Marshal Tito announced on April 27 that a Yugoslav Minister would shortly be appointed to Athens and implied that this had been made possible by the formation of a new Greek Government under General Plastiras. The following day a parallel announcement was made in the Greek Parliament and the full resumption of diplomatic relations between Greece and Yugoslavia was expected to follow with little delay.

bargaining points in hand and not give them away in advance. In sum, the chances of a settlement and of friendly intercourse between Italy and Yugoslavia now appear better than at any time since the war. Speaking of Austria, the Marshal announced that a remarkable economic co-operation between that State and his own had already been established, and prophesied that it would lead to a progressive improvement in their political intercourse. Of Russia and the satellites, he said "sorrowfully" that it was not in his power to reach more friendly terms with them, though Yugoslavia entertained no hostile feelings towards them.

There was no direct approach in the speech to the Western Powers—that again was as might have been expected. The Marshal was careful to say that Yugoslavia did not intend to enter into any political or strategic bloc, on the ground that such an association was likely to lead to war. But he made no reservations about his desire

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS
OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE
AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH HARD COURT SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT BOURNEMOUTH: MISS JOAN CURRY.
Miss Joan Curry retained her title at Bournemouth on May 6, when she won the British Hard Court Singles Championship for the second year in succession. Miss Curry (seen with the trophy) defeated Mrs. H. Weiss of Argentina in the final by 8-6, 8-6, after a stern struggle in a wind.



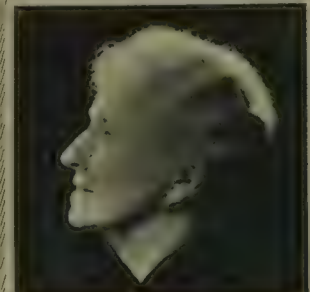
SIR ERNEST CHARLES.
Died on May 3, aged seventy-eight. He was a Judge of the King's Bench Division from 1928 to 1947. He was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1896, and took silk in 1913. Like his father, Sir Arthur Charles, he became known early in his career as an authority on ecclesiastical law.



LORD BRADBURY.
Died on May 3, aged seventy-seven. He was Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, 1913-19, and in that capacity signed the Treasury notes which were issued in place of gold coins in 1914, and which were known as "Bradburys" for some years. He was created a Baron in 1925.



MR. GILBERT SPENCER.
Recently elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He has been head of the Department of Painting and Drawing at Glasgow School of Art since 1948. He was Professor of Painting, Royal College of Art, 1932-48. He is represented by works in art galleries at home and abroad.



MISS KATHLEEN BUTLER.
Died on May 2, aged sixty-six. A notable Italian scholar, she was Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, from 1942 until her retirement last October. From 1915 to 1942 she was Lecturer in Modern Languages, Girton College. In 1926 she was appointed University Lecturer in Italian.



WEARING HER MOTHER'S POSTHUMOUS CROIX DE GUERRE AND GEORGE CROSS: TANIA SZABO.
On May 2, the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, presented Tania, the seven-year-old daughter of Mrs. Violette Szabo, G.C., with the Croix de Guerre awarded to her mother. Mrs. Violette Szabo was parachuted into France and later executed by the Gestapo.



SIR MALCOLM SARGENT.
To be principal conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on the retirement of Sir Adrian Boult. In making the announcement, the B.B.C. stated that Sir Malcolm, who is fifty-five, will still be available for much of his important work with the chief choral societies and orchestras at home and abroad. He left for South America on May 8.



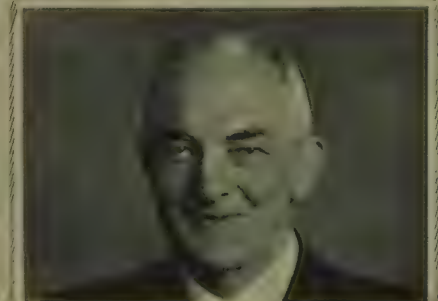
MR. WILLIAM MONTAGU-POLLOCK.
Appointed Minister at Damascus in succession to Mr. Broadmead. He is forty-six and was Counsellor at the British Embassy in Brussels until January this year, when he became head of the general department of the Foreign Office. He has served in the Diplomatic Service at Rome, Belgrade, Prague, Vienna and Stockholm.



RIDING HIS 4000TH WINNER: GORDON RICHARDS, THE CHAMPION JOCKEY, BEING LED IN AFTER WINNING THE LUBBOCK SPRINT STAKES ON ABERNANT ON MAY 4.
On May 4 *Abernant*, the champion sprinter, gave Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, his 4000th winner, when he easily beat his two opponents in the Lubbock Sprint Stakes at Sandown Park. Gordon Richards, who has been champion jockey twenty-two times since he began riding in 1921, was forty-six on May 5. He has still to achieve his ambition of winning the Derby, the one great race which has so far eluded him.



SIR PELHAM WARNER.
Elected as President of the M.C.C. in succession to the Duke of Edinburgh, by whom he was nominated. Sir Pelham Warner, known to everyone in the cricket world as "Plum," is seventy-six, and has devoted his life to the welfare of cricket. A former England captain, he was deputy secretary M.C.C., from 1939 to 1945.



ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR J. POWER.
To be C.-in-C. Portsmouth Command, in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon U. Willis, from next September. Sir Arthur Power, who was born in 1889, has been C.-in-C. Mediterranean Station since May, 1948. He commanded *Ark Royal* in the early part of the last war. His last wartime appointment was C.-in-C. East Indies Station.



DR. HERMAN SHAW.
Died on May 4, aged fifty-eight. Since 1945 he had been Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington, and had a distinguished reputation as a physicist and administrator. He entered the Museum in 1920, and in due course became Deputy Keeper of the Department of Physics and Geophysics, being promoted Keeper in 1935. In 1940 he was made acting Director.



TWO OF THE SCIENTISTS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW DRUG: MR. F. E. HEPWORTH (RIGHT) AND MR. A. M. NICHOLLS.
News of a new drug, provisionally known as "CF9," was given to Parliament on May 5 by Mr. F. Erroll, M.P., who said that he understood that a much "greater discovery than penicillin" would be announced shortly. Following this disclosure, Mr. Hepworth said that the drug had not yet been tested. It is hoped that it will cure colds and other virus diseases.



MR. EMORY CHUBB, C.B.E.
Celebrating, on May 13, his seventieth birthday, as well as the completion of his fiftieth year of active service with the firm of Chubbs and Son's, of which he is now chairman. Mr. Chubb started work half-a-century ago as an apprentice at the bench, where he remained for three years working the then standard sixty hours a week.

A PRINCELY INDIAN WEDDING FEATURING THE MARRIAGE OF THE SON OF THE GAEKWAR



TRADITIONAL ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR AND MODERN TRANSPORT: THE SON OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA ARRIVING BY AIR FOR THE WEDDING.



LOOMING OVER THE CITY OF JODHPUR: THE ANCIENT FORTRESS-PALACE IN WHICH THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS RAJENDRA OF JODHPUR TO THE SON OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA TOOK PLACE.



FIFTY ARE DEFENDING FOR THE WEDDING FEAST: A SECTION OF THE LONG PROCESSION OF MEN BEARING GREAT TRAYS LADEN WITH FRUIT AND NUTS.

The marriage of the son of the Gaekwar of Baroda to Princess Rajendra of Jodhpur, sister of the Maharaja of Jodhpur, took place at Jodhpur on April 22. Although the Indian Princes no longer wield sovereign power, they still enjoy the respect and affection of their former subjects, and many gifts were presented to the bride and bridegroom. The ceremony was surrounded with splendid Oriental pageantry, but the modern ideas of the Maharaja and his circle were illustrated by the facts that the bridegroom and



A FIGURE OF SUPERB ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR: THE BRIDEGROOM, SON OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA, RIDING TO HIS WEDDING IN STATE ON A SPENDIDLY-CAPARISONED ELEPHANT.

many of the guests arrived by air, and that the gifts to the bride included an example of the latest form of shoe cabinet with a separate, labelled compartment for each of her thirty pairs of shoes. The bridegroom, attired in the most splendid costume and head-dress, rode on a richly-caparisoned elephant through

AIRCRAFT AND A CAPARISONED ELEPHANT: OF BARODA TO A PRINCESS OF JODHPUR.



ONLY COMPLETED IN 1946 BUT NOT USED SINCE THE SOVEREIGN POWERS OF THE PRINCES WERE ENDED: THE VAST NEW PALACE OF JODHPUR WHERE GUESTS WERE HOUSED.



AN INDIAN VERSION OF THE "CAVALIER OF THE ROSE": AN OFFICIAL WITH THE FORMAL DEMAND IN MARRIAGE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: THE COMPLETELY CLOSED PALANQUIN OF RED BROCADE IN WHICH BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WERE CARRIED TO THE ROYAL CAR.

the streets of Jodhpur to the old fortress-palace where the ceremony took place. No glimpse of the bride was seen. After the wedding, the married pair were carried to the Royal car in a completely closed red brocade palanquin. The guard of honour at the airport on the arrival of the bridegroom consisted of



PART OF THE WEDDING RECEPTION IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE ON APRIL 22: GUESTS AT THE GOLD BUFFET DURING A RECEPTION HELD ON THE OCCASION.

students of the University of Jodhpur. The many important wedding guests were housed in the vast new Palace, only completed in 1946 and not used since the Princes' sovereign powers ended. Baroda, it may be noted, is one of the most important, if not the leading, State in India, north of Bombay, and the Gaekwar is entitled to a salute of 21 guns. Jodhpur is the largest of the Rajputana States and the Maharaja is head of the Rathor Rajputs and entitled to a permanent salute of 17 guns.

AMBASSADOR TO THE SOVIET UNION.

"MOSCOW MISSION, 1946-1949": By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



LIEUT.-GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lieut.-General Walter Bedell Smith was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A., on October 5, 1895. At the outbreak of World War II, he was Secretary, War Department, General Staff; in 1941 he became First U.S. Secretary, Combined Chiefs of Staff; he was Chief of Staff, Allied Forces, during the campaigns in North Africa, Sicily and Italy; from 1943-1945 he was Chief of Staff, Allied Expeditionary Forces in Europe. On behalf of General Eisenhower he negotiated and signed the formal unconditional surrender of Italy, 1943, and of Germany, 1945. From 1946 until 1949 Lieut.-General Bedell Smith was United States Ambassador in Moscow.

Staff in North Africa and Western Europe, might be more successful than a professional diplomat in repairing the already sadly deteriorated Russo-American relations. 'Allow yourself a year and a half to try to break through the crust,' was General Eisenhower's advice. In the end, General Bedell Smith remained in Moscow three years, and the crust only got thicker and more impenetrable. During those three years, however, the enquiring mind with which he is notably endowed was steadily active."

Readers may remember that a decade ago a book came out here which also had "Mission" in its title: it was Sir Neville Henderson's "Failure of a Mission." He also was instructed to find, if possible, an accommodation with people about whom both he and those who sent him must have had the very slenderest of hopes. He obeyed orders: unthinking people who read his book found it easy to say that he was foolish to suppose that he could possibly sway the Hitlers, the Goerings and the Goebbelses; but his job, under orders, was to try. Many of those who cheered Mr. Neville Chamberlain when he came back from the Munich Postponement, sneered at him afterwards for having supped with the devil with an Umbrella instead of a Long Spoon. What would have happened had he not? What would have happened in America if the

"It was in January, 1946, that Mr. James Byrnes, then Secretary of State, called General Walter Bedell Smith over to the State Department to ask him to accept the post of United States Ambassador in Moscow. The idea was that a distinguished soldier already known to the Russians as General Eisenhower's Chief of

Englishman in the public bar, rattling his dominoes. "It don't make no sense."

The same remark, in different words of equal elegance, is made by the ordinary American citizen in the pool-room or the drug-store. Not only do our democracies forbid preventive wars, but they make it impossible for their Governments to avert wars by saying to those who may cause them, "Thus far shalt thou go but no farther." Had Hitler been told to clear out of the Rhineland when he walked into it, he, being still relatively weak, would have been checked. Had Moscow been told years ago, not politely (for politeness wouldn't be understood, but conceived as implying either capitalist hypocrisy or capitalist fear), to retire to the Curzon Line, that also (as they had not recuperated as they have now) might have worked. It is difficult for people who are loyal to agreements to deal with people who are not, and who simply can't believe in loyalty, honour or generosity. And it is very difficult for Governments in countries like Britain and the U.S.A., with so much subversive poison about, oozing from sly or fanatical tongues, since, if they take a strong line to avert war, they are accused of planning conquest.

The "crust" is no new thing in Russia. Many of

wrong: the nobility were never an aristocracy in a governing sense, as in England's palmier days; and as for the Czars, one of them liberated the serfs (now tricked back into serfdom by a promise that they should own their land) and the last, butchered in a cellar with his wife and little children, issued a "Peace Rescript" which foreshadowed the modern attempts to organise World Peace through the League of Nations and U.N.O., The Hague, Geneva and Lake Success. But the Old Russia (though the common people were as kind and brave and willing to die in wars for the Motherland as they still are) was a Police State, a Bureaucratic State, and an Imperialist State, always expanding, and doing to the Moslems of Central Asia what is now being attempted in the Balkan Republics and the Satellite Countries, which include proud and resentful Hungary and Poland, and obstinate, mulish Czechoslovakia.

The Old Russia, however, was nominally, and to a large degree actually, a Christian country: and, if there was an intolerance of unorthodox opinion, it was at least easy (as Stalin, of all men, must know) to escape from Siberia, and start the mischief all over again. There is not much chance of that now: a new "ideology" has come in, and with it new terrors.

For the people controlling Russia now (nobody can know what their secret thoughts or beliefs are, for they dare not betray them to each other, let alone to a foreigner) are indoctrinating the whole population, behind the Iron Curtain, with a myth: the myth, *inter alia*, suggests that all American workers live in cellars, in chains, that America is completely governed by sixty millionaires who own everything, that the Russian worker and peasant has a higher standard of living than any other proletarian in the world, and that the Wicked Ogres of Capitalism are encircling Russia (the Germans used to use the word "encircling," but at least they were, on the map, encircled) in order to destroy what the population, behind the Curtain, believes to be the civilisation nearest to bliss which has so far been attained in human history.

To some extent the governors of Russia are sincere. These men began as conspirators, forgers, bank-robbers, liars: and once a man has been in the world of such as those he cannot believe that other people

aren't crooks. There are photographs in this book of "Anti-God Demonstrations": and those imply, I think, no sense of right or wrong. General Bedell Smith says: "Given this ideological background, it would seem quite unjustifiable to hope for a change of heart." The deuce of it is that the heart can hardly change if the heart is ruled out as a bourgeois,



IMPORTANT PERSONALITIES ATTENDING MIKHAIL KALININ'S FUNERAL. (Left to right) Bulganin, Mikoyan, Beria, Malenkov, Stalin, Shvernik, Voznesensky, Molotov, Kaganovitch and Zhdanov.

General Bedell Smith's chapters are headed with "plus ça change" extracts from a dispatch of an American Minister in Russia, called Neill S. Brown, who wrote in 1853. He was thoroughly surprised when he met the police-State. Here is a typical extract from him: "Nothing is more striking to an American, on his first arrival here, than the rigour of the police. It would seem that the capital was in a state of siege. And among all the astringents put into requisition for the preservation of peace and order, none is so abhorrent as the censorial power. As a proof of the extent to which it is carried, I may mention that the late message of the President of the United States was not regarded in all its parts as a safe document for Russian readers, and came to their hands scathed with the censor's knife. All that part on page 7 (commencing with 'but it is now said by some') which states the views of those who desire our intervention in Europe, was erased, while the views and

doctrines of the President were allowed to pass; thus excluding the text while they admitted the sermon. It is difficult in many instances to see the reason for the application of this power; and no doubt it is often capricious." This is quoted at the head of a chapter about the "Mechanics of a Police State," and is immediately followed by a quotation from an official document which unashamedly describes the methods of policing public opinion. "In creating public opinion, the decisive rôle is played by the Communist Party and the Soviet State, which, through various media, formulates public opinion and educates the workers in a spirit of Socialist awareness."

The Old Russia was, like this Russia, largely run by the bureaucracy and the omnipresent secret police; it knew all about Iron Curtains domestically, the reading of Colonel Fred Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" producing much the same sensations as those produced by Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean's recent account of his own illicit and harmless explorations. Those who describe the Old Russia as "feudal" are utterly



PARADE OF GIRL WINNERS OF BADGES OF MERIT FOR MARKSMANSHIP.

authorities there had not, to the limits of patience, done all they could, *coram publico*, to break through the Muscovite crust? Democracies (if the word "democracy," as it never did in Greece, is taken to imply universal suffrage, or something near it) are ignorant and, if the agitators have plausible talking-points, easily misled by agitators. They are also, in the Anglo-Saxon world, remarkably innocent. Conspiracies, spying, eavesdropping do not come naturally to them: those are things made for fairy-tale—bad-fairy-tale—films. With proverbs like "Live and let live," and "It takes all sorts to make a world," they are tolerant and not fanatical; and, until it comes to a "show-down" in the form of hecatombs of dead, they simply will not believe that there can be men in the world who, out of lust for power, belief in some lop-sided theory, or mere desire for self-preservation, are willing to plunge the world into a sea of blood. "Why should they?" says the



COLLECTIVE FARMERS AT A MEETING OF ATHEISTS. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Moscow Mission, 1946-1949," by Courtesy of the publishers, William Heinemann Ltd.

capitalist, imperialist organ and the mind is kept within blinkers and subjected to party opiate.

It seems sad. Everybody who has encountered the Russian peasant has always liked him, in spite of his occasional outbreaks under the influence of vodka. And now he is having scorpions instead of whips and may find himself involved in another war, which was none of his making, torn from his hut, his family, his cow and his acre, to die for a doctrine he never understood and wouldn't have liked had he understood it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 756 of this issue.

* "Moscow Mission, 1946-1949." By Lieut.-General Walter Bedell Smith. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 15s.)

OLD, NEW, AND RARE: NEWS ITEMS FROM PHILATELY, ANTIQUITY AND AERONAUTICS.



FROM THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXHIBITION: A PAGE FROM A COLLECTION OF ZOOLOGICAL THEMES, SHOWING EAGLES AND THE LIKE DEPICTED ON STAMPS.

For the first time in twenty-eight years London has been holding an International Stamp Exhibition. A Centenary Exhibition for 1940 was, of course, projected but of necessity cancelled owing to the war. The Exhibition opened on May 6 at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and was to remain open until May 13. It brought to London many famous rarities from foreign countries and was distinguished by exhibits from the Royal Collection, that of ex-King Carol of Rumania, the G.P.O. collection and famous collections from France, the United States, Sweden and the Argentine. The Exhibition also coincided with the reopening of the 20th International Stamp Dealers' Bourse which was held at the Piccadilly Hotel, an occasion which signals the fact that London has regained its place as the hub of the philatelist's world.



WORTH £2000 EACH AND, WHERE THE STOP AFTER "R" IS OUT OF ALIGNMENT, £2250: A BLOCK OF FIFTY-ONE EDWARD VII. 10S. STAMPS, OVERPRINTED "I.R." FOR THE INLAND REVENUE DEPARTMENT. ONE OF THE G.P.O. EXHIBITS AT THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXHIBITION.



INSIDE THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, REMARKABLE IN RETAINING THE OAK SCAFFOLDING OFF WHICH THE MASONRY WAS ORIGINALLY LAID.

In our last issue we reported the news of the threat to the structure of this country's noblest spire, that of Salisbury Cathedral, and the fact that an appeal for £100,000 had been launched for its repair and partial reconstruction. One remarkable feature in the Cathedral architect's report on the condition of the spire was the reference to the original scaffolding and winch which still exist inside the spire. Our photographs here illustrate these interesting survivals.



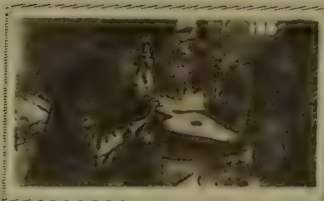
RECONSTRUCTING THE ROMAN SHIPS OF LAKE NEMI: A VIEW OF THE WORK IN PROGRESS AT CASTELLAMARE DI STABIA. WHEN COMPLETED THE SHIPS WILL BE EXHIBITED. The Imperial barges of Roman Empire date which were discovered at Lake Nemi, near Rome, before the war were destroyed when the Germans deliberately fired the Nemi Museum during the war. Reconstruction work is now in progress at Castellamare di Stabia, near Naples.



ANOTHER REMARKABLE FEATURE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL'S SPIRE—WHICH IS TO BE EXTENSIVELY REPAIRED: THE ORIGINAL OAK WINDLASS WHICH RAISED THE SPIRE STONEMASONRY AND OTHER MATERIALS FROM THE NAVE LEVEL.



TESTING WHAT THE COMPLETE PARACHUTIST CAN AND SHOULD CARRY: TWO MEN OF THE U.S. ARMY FIELD FORCES TEST SECTION IN EXPERIMENTAL EQUIPMENT. Little is yet known of this U.S. experimental parachutist's gear; but the man on the left is wearing a new type of life preserver—the water-wing-like bulges under his arms—and carrying in front a mortar and general-purpose bag. These will be carried 20 ft. below him, after the parachute opens.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE YOUNG OF CENTIPEDES.

By R. F. LAWRENCE, Ph.D.

THE centipedes practise an eminently simple manner of life in the sense that they have none of the complicated habits characteristic of many insects. They make no elaborate nests or retreats; neither do they dig burrows, like the trap-door and wolf-spiders; still less do they construct the complicated geometric snares which the sedentary spiders spin for snaring their prey. They can be imagined as freebooters and bandits, living off the land, primitive in their few and simple needs, killing and eating what they require for food on the spot, and for a retreat taking advantage of any suitable stone or crevice which will protect them from the extremes of heat and cold.

The breeding habits are characterised by an equal simplicity; there is a complete absence of any preliminary courtship or pre-nuptial display on the part of the male. This simplicity extends to the development of the young, which proceeds in a straightforward manner by means of small and fairly gradual changes, from eggs to adult.

The larger centipedes (*Scolopendromorpha*) are much the same all over the world, and the development of the Natal forest centipede, *Cormocephalus multispinus*, serves as a fairly typical example of the group in general. This handsome, bronze-green form is the most abundant species in Natal, and is found everywhere in indigenous forests from sea-level to about 6000 ft. of altitude over a large part of South-Eastern Africa.

The number of eggs laid by this centipede is small in comparison with many other lowly creatures, only twenty to thirty-five; on the other hand, the eggs themselves are unusually large, and oval in shape. In Natal the female centipede lays her eggs during the months of September and October, spring or early summer in South Africa, the season favoured by animals in nearly all parts of the world for this event. She chooses a damp, dark and well-concealed situation, usually the under-surface of a decaying log; here a roughly hollowed-out brood-chamber is made, or she may take over an old nest or burrow which has been vacated by some other small animal. Such a primitive shelter can hardly be described as a nest, for it is not lined by any substance or prepared in any detail for occupation.

When the white glistening eggs appear they are coated with a sticky liquid, enabling them to adhere together in a cluster round which the mother coils herself, protecting the eggs with her legs so that they appear to be enclosed in a little basket. The liquid coating the eggs has to be renewed from time to time in order that they may be kept moist; it would be fatal for them if they were allowed to become dried-out. At the same time they are not permitted to touch the ground, since small crumbs of soil would cling to their surfaces and soon infect them with destructive bacteria and fungi; from this point of

view the secretion may also serve as a germicide and disinfectant.

More than one attempt has been made to rear young centipedes from the egg without the expert aid of the mother; it has not been possible, however, to devise an artificial substitute for the glandular secretions of the parent centipede, which keeps the eggs at just the right degree of moisture; under laboratory conditions they either dry out and shrivel up, or are attacked by the deadly moulds and fungi which destroy so many small animals living in damp and decaying wood.

The centipedes of this group show a remarkable solicitude for their young, rivalling the maternal care of many spiders and scorpions. The protective instincts of the mother must be very strong, for she never leaves her brood during the six to eight weeks that follow the laying of the eggs; neither, of course, is she able, in such cramped quarters, to capture

The development of the centipede from the egg onwards is divided into two clear-cut and contrasting series, the embryonic and adolescent phases, each being subdivided into a number of stages. The embryo breaks open the almost transparent egg membrane with the aid of the egg-tooth, a small tool well suited for such a purpose; there are, in fact, two such minute teeth, one on each side close behind the head, provided with a sharp chitinous edge. While still enclosed in the egg membrane there has already been considerable development; the tiny bud-like legs of the embryos can be clearly seen and the antennae are composed of a number of very rudimentary joints.

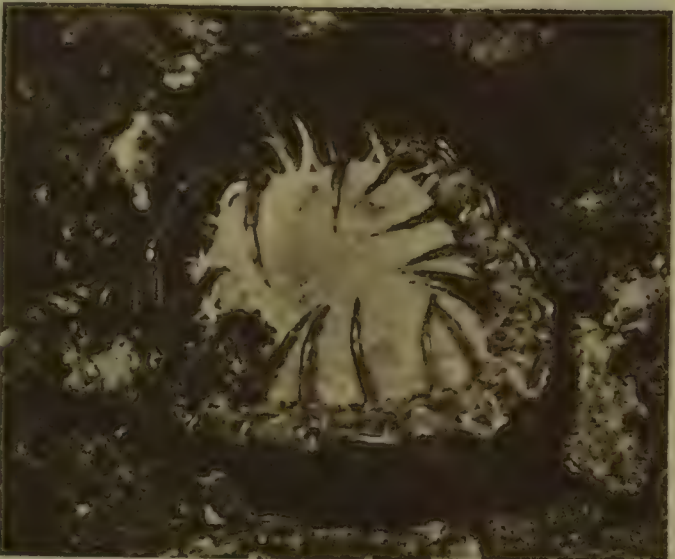
After its emergence from the egg the embryo at once casts its skin, which also carries away the now superfluous egg-tooth; at this stage it appears as a small, white, worm-like object, bent upon itself like a horseshoe, the head almost meeting the tail. It is still very delicate and soft, quite incapable of movement, and dependent for food upon the yolk which

has been brought with it from the egg stage in its primitive stomach. The two or three embryonic stages are all characterised by their grub-like appearance, an almost complete absence of movement, and the embryonic mass being perpetually bathed in the secretions of the parent. Another moult brings this phase to an end and the centipede enters upon the adolescent phase, in which, as is implied by the name, all the structures of the body are present, though as yet incompletely developed, and the general appearance of the centipede is that of the adult in miniature.

In the first adolescent stage the body is still very soft and dead-white in colour, but it is now quite straight and movement is possible; the secretions of the mother are no longer necessary and the skin is dry. The young centipede now becomes progressively

more active and begins to creep restlessly about, entwining itself with its brothers and sisters, but still keeping close within the embrace of the mother, who all this time has been devotedly guarding the developing brood with the shield of her body.

From now onwards the young tend more and more to manage for themselves, but they still have several moults to complete before they finally leave the mother. After each moult they are a little larger and a little darker in colour; a tracheal breathing system develops, and the poison glands become ready to fulfil their deadly function. As the intestinal yolk begins to dwindle, the urge of hunger drives them outwards to seek and capture their own food; they drift away in ones and twos, never returning to the nursery or meeting again, except as an enemy, the parent who has watched over them with such unceasing care. After about a year, and when perhaps eleven moults have been completed, they are sexually mature and full-grown centipedes, ready to bring a new generation into the world and repeat the age-old cycle of living.



A HANDSOME BRONZE-GREEN FORM FOUND EVERYWHERE OVER A LARGE PART OF SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA IN INDIGENOUS FORESTS FROM SEA-LEVEL TO ALTITUDES OF ABOUT 6000 FT.: THE FEMALE NATAL FOREST CENTIPEDE, *CORMOCEPHALUS MULTISPINUS*; A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE YOUNG.

These photographs show (top, left) the egg cluster embraced by the female centipede in the brood-chamber; (top, right) an early embryonic stage in which the young are horseshoe-shaped and incapable of movement; (bottom, left) an early adolescent stage in which the young are straightened out and capable of movement; and (bottom, right) a more advanced adolescent stage—the mother has just deserted the brood and the young are disappearing down crevices in the soil.

Photographs by R. A. Holliday.

other animals for food. The German naturalist Heymans was able to persuade a female *Scolopendra* into accepting a pebble of the same size and weight as a substitute for the egg mass; she guarded it with her body for five days, after which, having presumably discovered the deception, she disappeared and was seen no more.

If the mother is disturbed in her nursery she tries to defend her brood by brandishing her spiny end-legs, or if the distractions continue, by making attempts to bite at the intruder; after certain limits to her patience have been reached she gives up the struggle and makes off, leaving the eggs to their fate. Sometimes a curious thing happens if the teasing is continued too long; perhaps as a result of the thwarting of her natural impulse to guard them, the mother turns on her own eggs or helpless embryos and devours them one by one. This may even happen when the nest is uncovered and exposed to light, and has occurred on more than one occasion during attempts by the writer to photograph the mother and her brood.

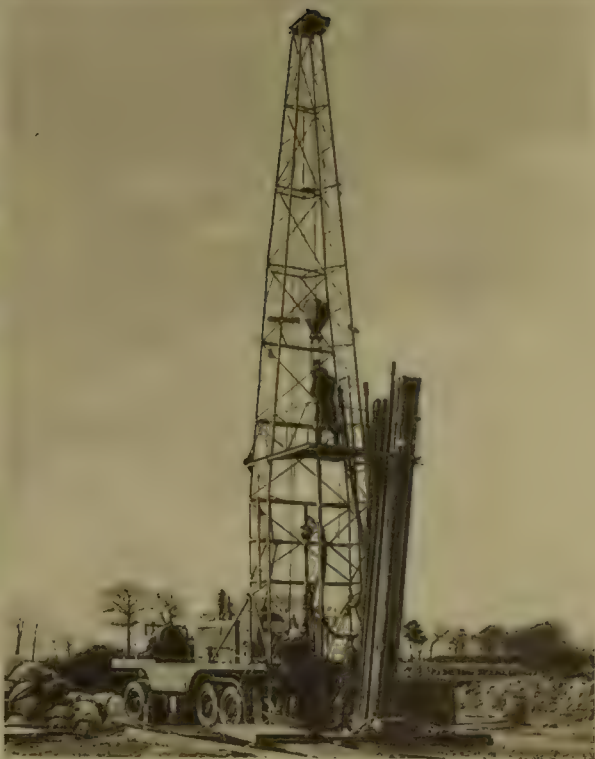
"BRITAIN'S SHOP WINDOW": SOME MAJOR B.I.F. EXHIBITS AT CASTLE BROMWICH AND LONDON.



SOME OF THE LARGE OUTDOOR EXHIBITS AT THE CASTLE BROMWICH SECTION OF THE B.I.F., INCLUDING (RIGHT) THE TALLEST EXHIBIT, AN 80-FT. PILE-DRIVER SHOWN BY BRITISH STEEL PILING CO., LTD.



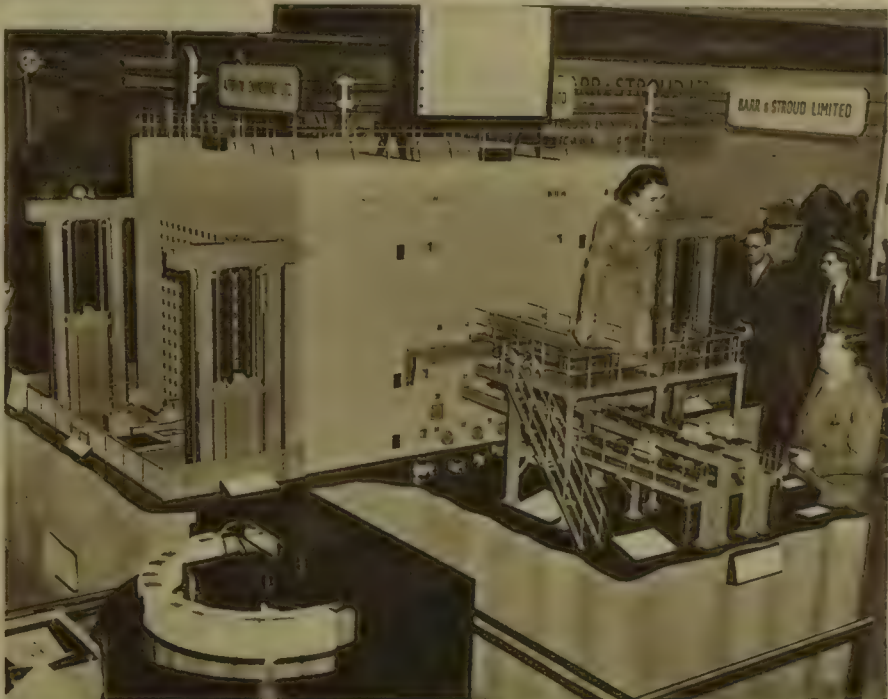
THIS HUGE WHEEL GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE GREAT EARTH-SCRAPER IT HELPS TO CARRY—THE "EMPIRE" SCRAPER, BUILT BY ONIONS AND CO. LTD.—A CASTLE BROMWICH EXHIBIT.



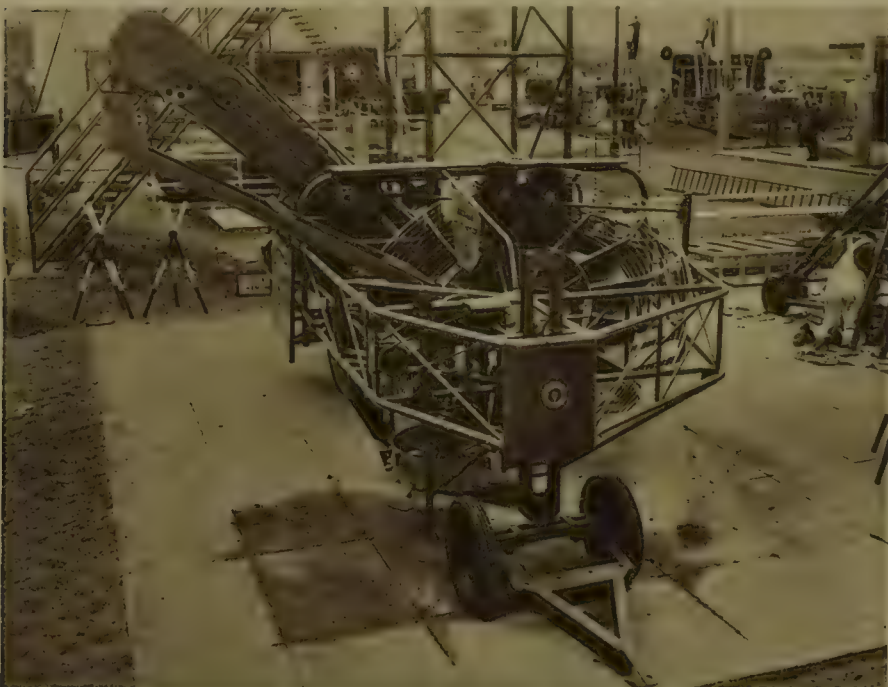
A PORTABLE OIL-DRILLER FOR TEST BORING, ERECTED FROM ITS TRUCK AND SEEN AT WORK ON A DEMONSTRATION BORE. MADE BY MITCHELL ENGINEERING LTD., AND SHOWN AT CASTLE BROMWICH.



OF ESPECIAL INTEREST TO HOUSING ESTATE PLANNERS: A "WINGET-PARSONS" TRENCHING MACHINE, WHICH CUTS A CONTINUOUS TRENCH, FOR DRAINS OR SUPPLY SERVICES, AT DEPTHS DOWN TO 6 FT. MADE BY WINGET LTD. AND SHOWN AT CASTLE BROMWICH.

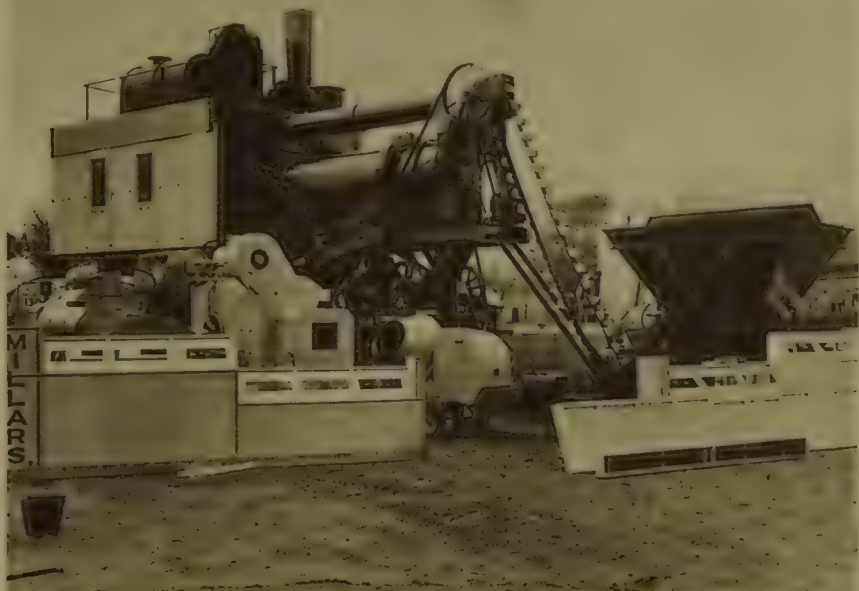


ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING EXHIBITS IN THE OLYMPIA SECTION OF THE B.I.F.: A WORKING SCALE MODEL OF "BEPO"—THE LARGER OF BRITAIN'S TWO ATOMIC PILES AT THE HARWELL RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT. IT IS LINKED WITH A DISPLAY OF RADIO-ISOTOPE USES.



DEvised TO MEET ONE OF THE FARMER'S MOST URGENT REQUIREMENTS: THE "PACK-MAN" POTATO-HARVESTING MACHINE, MANUFACTURED BY STEWARDS AND LLOYDS, LTD., AND AMONG THE MANY HEAVY-ENGINEERING EXHIBITS AT CASTLE BROMWICH.

The British Industries Fair, the world's largest national shop window, opened simultaneously at Olympia and Earls Court, London, and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, on May 8. Engineering and hardware products have been allocated to the Birmingham site, while lighter industries dominate the scene in London. The dates of the Fair were May 8 to May 19 for trade buyers—Sunday, May 14, being excepted—with the general public admitted on May 13 and May 17. Our photographs were all taken at Castle Bromwich, with the exception of that of the "BEPO" atomic pile,



ROAD-MAKING MACHINERY ON THE GRAND SCALE: A SEMI-PORTABLE PLANT, MADE BY MILLARS MACHINERY CO., FOR PRODUCING HOT ASPHALT AND COATED MACADAM. IT HAS AN OUTPUT CAPACITY OF 10 TONS PER HOUR AND IS MECHANICALLY FED.

which is exhibited at Olympia. This last exhibit, which is displayed by the Ministry of Supply, is combined with a demonstration of radio-isotopes produced, the methods used in their production, and the uses to which they can be put in industry, science and medicine. It was expected that devaluation would have added a stimulus to the business done at the Fair and, on the opening day, it was estimated that the Fair would in all be visited by some 15,000 trade buyers from about 100 countries. It had been preceded by an extensive publicity campaign in North America.



"THE GATE OF HEAVEN": THE OLDEST JEWISH HOUSE OF WORSHIP ON BRITISH SOIL—THE INTERIOR OF THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SYNAGOGUE, BEVIS MARKS.

In the heart of the City of London, parallel with Houndsditch and between Bishopsgate and Aldgate, lies the short thoroughfare of Bevis Marks, familiar to readers of "The Old Curiosity Shop" as the site of the offices of Sampson Brass and his grim sister, and the scene of that curious urban eulogist of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. In Bevis Marks then and now, amid the offices and warehouses, stands the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, the oldest extant Jewish place of worship on British soil and the centre of the oldest and most distinguished community of British Jewry. In 1655 a petition from the group of Jews originating from Spain and Portugal who

had escaped from the Inquisition and were living in London, and bearing among others the name of Menasseh ben Israel, was addressed to Oliver Cromwell, seeking permission for their members to live, do business, worship in their houses and purchase land for a cemetery, in London. An unofficial assent was granted, a house was leased in Creechchurch Lane for a place of worship, and a burial-ground acquired in Stepney. The congregation grew apace, newcomers came from Spain, Portugal, Amsterdam, and elsewhere; and the first synagogue arose—the first, indeed, since the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I. The rights of the community were confirmed by

Charles II, and James II.; and in 1701 the present synagogue was built in Bevis Marks, the builder being a Quaker, Joseph Avis, who is said to have refused to make a profit for building a House of God. The congregation has always been a distinguished one and has numbered among its members men famous in British and Jewish history, and that of the Zionist movement. The birth of Benjamin d'Israeli is recorded in its registers; and among the names of its community are such distinguished ones as Montefiore, Mocatta, Lindo, Guedalla, Hore-Belisha and Sassoon. Our Artist has drawn the synagogue from the entrance end. Immediately to the right is the Teshah,

the dais for the readers, one of whom can be seen at the lectern. To the left, under the gallery, can be seen the canopied *Banca*, the pew of the Wardens; and beyond the rows of benches which lie under the seven great candelabra can be seen the pillared *Echul*, or Ark, in which are kept the Scrolls of the Pentateuch. A gallery, in which the women sit according to Jewish custom, runs round three sides of the building, carried on Doric columns; the ceiling is of plain plaster with a series of rosettes; and a number of plain-glass windows light the edifice, in which the dominant notes of colour are the brass of the candelabra and the dark wood of the seats and fittings.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



L. tweedyi. They are two of the best. Later came five or six other species of real beauty, and with them several more with no beauty at all. Dull little duds, trading on the distinguished family name. They are all natives of western North America, and all are inveterate sun-lovers, as their fleshy roots and leaves suggest.

But where in the garden should one grow them? That is a nice point, and a matter of taste. As a rule they have found their way into the rock garden, or the Alpine house. The Alpine house, or any airy, unheated greenhouse, is an excellent place for them. They take kindly to pot cultivation, and a comparatively sheltered life, and a well-flowered specimen of any one of the gayer, showier species makes an attractive room plant. As to Lewisias in the rock garden, that is another matter, and depends upon the gardener's aims and ideals, and the sort of picture the rocks and the plants are to make. Roughly, there are two kinds of rock garden. There is the kind which, starting with a rocky framework of hill and valley, and a certain number of truly Alpine plants—Saxifrages, Gentians, Primulas and the like—becomes in the end a meeting-place for anything that is dwarfish and gayish—hardy Fuchsias, Gazanias, bedding Violas and, possibly, a tree Wistaria leaning out over a goldfish pool. The other type aims at reproducing something of the scenes that one finds in the

THE Lewisias have come very much to the fore in recent years. Forty years ago the only species in cultivation were, as far as I can remember, *Lewisia rediviva* and

LEWISIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

wall garden, built of brick or stone, with loam in place of mortar, and sloping slightly back out of the perpendicular, and facing south or south-west. Last summer I punched a deep hole in the soft old mortar of a flight of stone steps leading up to a barn in my garden, and trickled in, with soil, a small seedling *Lewisia cotyledon*. It has grown well, and is now in flower. In the fatter fare of an earth-built dry wall it would have grown even larger in the time, and looked even handsomer.

shrivel, till they resemble a huddle of perished elastic bands, and the plant lies dormant until the next eruption of leaves. One of my plants has been doing this for eight or ten years. The most showy and the most popular group of Lewisias includes five or six specific names, though it is doubtful whether the plants which carry them are really true and distinct species. For garden

purposes, at any rate, they all have a strong family likeness, and they cross and intercross so freely that it is difficult to distinguish them with any certainty. *Lewisia cotyledon* is fairly typical of the group—*howellii*, *purdyi*, *finchii* and *heckneri*. A flattish rosette of fleshy leaves, 9-12 ins. across, from among which spray up many 6-9-inch stems, carrying open, branched sprays of handsome silken blossoms of paler or darker pink, apricot, or rather unpleasing yellow. Almost always the petals are striped, banded, or veined with a darker pink or reddish tone. In some forms the leaves are smooth-edged, and in some they are waved and crimped.

All that I have grown under these names seed freely and are easy to raise from seed, and in a rock garden in Scotland I have seen self-sown seedlings springing up freely among the older plants. The best-coloured forms among these species—or names—are really beautiful. Others are poor and washy, and a few really offensive. It is best, therefore, in buying to choose plants when in flower.

Lewisia columbiana, with sprays of small white flowers, and *L. c. rosea*, with pink flowers, have their admirers, and I leave it at that. *Lewisia brachycalyx* also has its admirers, but I

am not one of them. Its rosette of fleshy leaves is of a lurid dull green, and among them sit white or pale-pink flowers, fairly large, but of flimsy material.

But last summer I crossed a white-flowered *L. brachycalyx* with pollen from *L. cotyledon* of a fairly strong pink. Seeds were produced and seedlings raised, and I now have twelve plants coming into flower. Two are open. The leaves are broad like those of the father, and the flowers are a definite rose-pink with veins of a strong, deep pink. In some the flowers sit right down, almost stemless, among the leaves, and in others short stems are developing,



TYPICAL OF A GROUP—THE OTHERS BEING *L. howellii*, *purdyi*, *finchii*, *heckneri*—IN WHICH FROM "A FLATTISH ROSETTE OF FLESHY LEAVES . . . SPRAY UP MANY 6-9-INCH STEMS, CARRYING OPEN, BRANCHED SPRAYS OF HANDSOME SILKEN BLOSSOMS OF PALER OR DARKER PINK, APRICOT, OR RATHER UNPLEASING YELLOW": A FINE PLANT OF *Lewisia cotyledon*.

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

Lewisia tweedyi was the first species that I grew, and it is, I think, the most beautiful. It forms a flattish rosette, 6 to 9 ins. across, of fleshy, spatulate leaves, and in April—in the Alpine house—come the flowers on 3-inch stems. They are about 2 ins. across, coruscating, and waxy in texture, and in colour a delicious, clouded blend of pale apricot and pink. *L. tweedyi*'s native home is in the Wenatchee Mountains of Central Washington. Forty years ago it was the practice to import *tweedyi* from a collector of native plants in America, but the evil practice was prohibited by wise local government. Deprived of this source of supply, I soon hit upon the simpler and far more satisfactory device of hand-fertilising

my Alpine house specimens and raising seedlings.

Lewisia rediviva, or Bitter Root, the State flower of Montana, was, by some botanists, claimed to be the only species entitled to be called *Lewisia*. All the rest were—in their opinion—for the most part, *Oreobromas*, though to most gardeners—and, for that matter, to most botanists—they remain Lewisias. In the wild it is abundant and widely distributed, both as a mountain and a desert plant. I have only grown it in the Alpine house, never in the open. It's a strange as well as a beautiful plant, sending up a fountain of green, fleshy, cylindrical leaves, 2-3 ins. high, and looking like a miniature, many-armed octopus rampant. Among these, in May, come the relatively big flowers, either white or pink, like small, satin-textured water-lilies. Then the leaves collapse and



THE STATE FLOWER OF MONTANA: *Lewisia rediviva*. AMONG "THE GREEN, FLESHY, CYLINDRICAL LEAVES" COME IN MAY "RELATIVELY BIG FLOWERS, EITHER WHITE OR PINK, LIKE SMALL, SATIN-TEXTURED WATER-LILIES."

Alps, and something of their atmosphere. In such a rock garden, truly Alpine plants predominate, with a pleasant blending of austerity and occasional brilliance. In such a rock or Alpine garden a *Lewisia* will look as incongruous as a mannequin in full rig who has sailed into a Mothers' Meeting. In the "all-are-welcome" type of rock garden, among the Fuchsias and the Gazanias, *Lewisia* will prove the life and soul of the party. In rock gardening, as in all other branches of gardening, it is important to help the plants to choose their company, or to choose it for them, with tact and discretion.

If you have no rock garden, or if you are an Alpine purist, and still want to grow Lewisias, I suggest a special and separate "Lewisarium": a sunny tump of rich, light soil and carefully devised outcrops of unobtrusive rock. Here they might hobnob on equal terms with Gazanias, Echeverias, Livingstone Daisies and other Mesembryanthemums, and many other un-Alpine rock plants, to make a brilliant and most interesting scene. But perhaps the most perfect and appropriate setting for Lewisias is the dry wall, or



WITH FLOWERS "ABOUT 2 INS. ACROSS, CORUSCATING AND WAXY IN TEXTURE, AND IN COLOUR A DELICIOUS CLOUDED BLEND OF PALE APRICOT AND PINK": *Lewisia tweedyi*, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECIES OF THE WHOLE GENUS.

carrying several flowers each. I have also two seedling hybrids, *L. rediviva* × *cotyledon*, which probably will not flower this year, and my son Joe has a pan of seedlings coming up from the cross *L. cotyledon* × *L. tweedyi*. I had never before thought of attempting to hybridise Lewisias, but they appear to be willing partners in the game, and the results may well be interesting, or even sensational.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD AND SOME OUTSTANDING EVENTS.



(ABOVE.) ARRIVING BY TRAIN AT HUAHIN ON THEIR HONEYMOON: KING PHUMIBOL ADULDET OF SIAM AND HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER PRINCESS SIRIKIT KITIYAKARA.

King Phumibol Aduldet of Siam returned to his country on March 24, from Switzerland. On April 28 his marriage to Princess Sirikit Kitiyakara, daughter of the Siamese Ambassador in London, was solemnised at the Palace of the Queen grandmother in Bangkok. Their Majesties gave an audience after the private ceremony which was attended by the heads of foreign missions.



CELEBRATING HER FORTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH HER FAMILY AT SOESTDIJK. On April 30, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands celebrated her forty-first birthday, and in honour of the event held a garden party at the Royal Palace at Soestdijk. Our photograph shows the Royal family (from l. to r.): the Queen, Prince Bernhard, Princess Beatrix holding Princess Maria, Princess Irene and Princess Margriet.



GREETING THE PREMIER OF PAKISTAN: PRESIDENT TRUMAN (RIGHT) WITH MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN.

The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, arrived at Washington on May 3 in President Truman's personal aircraft. He was accompanied by the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan and they were welcomed by the President, who said that he greeted them "with a deep sense of the historical import of this occasion."

(RIGHT) JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS AT BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY: A VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE GREAT HALL AT EDGBASTON AS THE RT. HON. ANTHONY EDEN ADDRESSED THE ASSEMBLY.

Birmingham University, the first of our civic universities, celebrated its golden jubilee on May 5. Among those who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws were Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the American Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas. The degrees were conferred in the great hall at Edgbaston by Mr. Anthony Eden, Chancellor of the University.



THE DEDICATION OF THE ALDERSHOT MEMORIAL SHRINE: THE SERVICE IN PROGRESS AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE BY THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT).

A Heroes' Shrine, in memory of those who were killed by enemy air attacks during World War II., was unveiled by the Duchess of Gloucester in Aldershot Manor Park on May 5. The statue, an 8-ft. figure of Christ stilling the storm, stands near two rockeries formed of stone from bombed buildings of many cities and towns. The Bishop of Guildford dedicated the memorial.



AT THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH AT MILL HILL: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN WATCHING DR. C. M. CHU INOCULATING EGGS WITH INFLUENZA VIRUS.

The King, who was accompanied by the Queen, opened the new buildings of the National Institute of Medical Research at Mill Hill, London, on May 5. In the laboratories of the Virus Research Division their Majesties watched the work of the World Influenza Centre. Interior and exterior views of the new headquarters at Mill Hill appeared in our issue of May 6.



THE BURGLAR'S ACCOMPLICE—CARELESSNESS: HOW THE PUBLIC CAN ASSIST THE POLICE TO

In opening the "Whitehall 1212 Crime Prevention Exhibition" at Selfridges on May 1, Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, gave expression to the general concern at the considerable increase in house-breaking offences which has occurred since the war, and said that in 1948, the last year for which there were complete figures, nearly 60,000 burglary, house-breaking and similar offences were committed in England and Wales, nearly twice as many as in 1935. The exhibition is part of a nation-wide campaign to show the public how to beat the burglar. On this page we illustrate how the public can protect itself and assist the police by taking simple precautions, and also some of the fastenings

which add to the burglar's difficulties. Naturally, we cannot give details of many new systems being adopted by large concerns to defeat smash-and-grab bandits and the "large-scale" burglars, for such information would be of value to the criminals among us but some of the standard safety-locks and bolts that can be purchased universally and have proved to be effective safeguards for the ordinary householder are shown. The Burgot system consists of concealed contacts covering all doors and connected to a device which telephones the local police station and keeps repeating the words, "Police! Police! Burgot Automatic Burglar Alarm calling Scotland Yard. Burglars have entered the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. DAVIS, WITH OFFICIAL CO-OPERATION AND THE ASSISTANCE

DIAL "999": IN THE METROPOLITAN POLICE AREA IN 1949, 81,857 CALLS TO THE POLICE WERE MADE, AND THESE RESULTED IN 8,233 ARRESTS.



REDUCE THE INCREASED NUMBER OF HOUSE-BREAKING OFFENCES BY TAKING SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS.

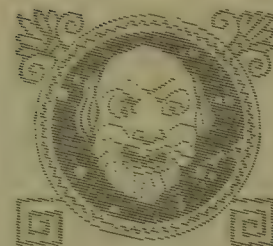
premises of ——— Stores." The Treasury-note tube fitted in the cashier's box at a cinema enables the cashier to drop a number of notes in a weighted cylinder down the tube into a place of security below. The cashier need only keep in the till the necessary "working" amount of change. The Ingersoll automatic deadlock and clawbolt deadlock (specially designed for business premises) are approved by insurance companies and effectively prevent a burglar wrenching off the lock with a jemmy or forcing back the deadlock with a piece of mica. There is an exclusive combination for every lock and additional keys are only cut on the written authority of the owner. The Banham automatic

door-bolt and lock for sash windows also defeat the burglar who attempts to make a quiet and inconspicuous entry. The door-bolt is unpickable and cannot be forced, while the lock for sash windows enables a window to be looked whether shut or open, and permits fresh air to enter while giving complete protection. The burglar is therefore forced to remove a large area of glass in order to make his entry, and statistics show that the average burglar is very reluctant to do this. Carelessness is the burglar's accomplice—the Metropolitan Police estimate that in the case of nearly half the thefts from houses in their area last year the thieves got in through open doors and windows.

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The World of the Cinema.



WHAT IS ENTERTAINMENT?

By ALAN DENT.

IN the dictionary sense, entertainment is merely something which "occupies the attention agreeably." But words, like most other things, become degraded through over-use, and one must assume through a recent occasion that "entertainment" currently means no more than something which "diverts and makes us laugh and cease to think." That endearing poet, William Cowper, was using the verb in this modern way when he foresaw the time—

When authors hear at length one general cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!

The recent occasion was the refusal of the cinema-trade to exhibit the film called "Chance of a Lifetime," on the astonishing grounds that it was "not entertainment." As a result of an unprecedented procedure on the part of some Board—I would not know which!—this decision has been scouted and the film is on view, and has been booked, obligatorily. The script is by Walter Greenwood and Bernard Miles, and the direction by the latter. The film concerns the running of a small modern factory in the West of England. Its sole and single-minded purport is to show that both master and men are essential to the successful running of such a factory.

The whole factory goes on strike because a single insolent workman has been dismissed from service. The owner addresses the workers and angrily accuses them of slackness and lack of interest in their work. At the end of his harangue he says he would willingly exchange his position with theirs. Two workmen take him at his word and attempt to run the factory on their own account and in accordance with their own notion of "how things should be done." As goes almost without saying, they make a mess of it and nearly lose an important foreign contract which calls for delicate negotiation. They have, in fact, to cry out for help to the withdrawn boss and beg him to bring his experience towards this necessary negotiating. The boss does so, resumes control of the factory, and gives the less blundering of the two temporary controllers a position as future managing director.

Any filmgoer who finds this a bore must necessarily find front-page news a bore. The film, in short, is immensely topical and it engages the attention throughout—or at least the attention of everyone who is not afraid to think, or who does not consider that life is just a thing to be escaped from. Matters are much helped by the fact that it is well written and well made, vividly acted (especially by Basil Radford as the factory owner and Josephine Wilson as his secretary), and quite exceptionally well photographed (by Eric Cross). Is it "propaganda" as distinct from "entertainment"? It is, in a sense. But I see in it neither propaganda for workers as against masters, nor propaganda for masters as against workers. Rather is it a clear case of propaganda for fair play and the common-sense acceptance of the fact that both brains and brawn are necessary for the successful running of an industry. This may seem as platitudinous a conclusion as the thesis of the film itself. But what the piece does succeed in delicately conveying is that

the managing brains must have considerable sympathy with the working brawn, and that the latter should be given some practical understanding of the difficulties that the managing brains have to contend with.

Vastly more "entertaining" no doubt—in the depraved popular sense—is a film like "Cheaper by the Dozen," which gives us that delightful pair of comedians, Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy, as the proud and harassed parents of no fewer than twelve children. The high-light of this frolic is a scene in which nearly everybody in the family catches whooping-cough; and this is capped by a scene—still higher and lighter, I suppose—in

which practically everybody has his or her tonsils removed by surgical operation. For me personally, neither that affliction nor this operation is rendered funny through the naïve process of multiplying it by twelve or fourteen. But the laughter all round me convinces me that I am in a miserable minority of one when I here fail to be entertained by these large-scale family trials, in the sense that my mind is disagreeably rather than agreeably occupied by them. I spend the time, rather, marvelling at the skill of the casting-director



A BOY-ACTOR WITH "THE LOOKS OF A MINIATURE ORSON WELLES": JEREMY SPENSER AS THE PRODIGY-CONDUCTOR IN "PRELUDE TO FAME." Mr. Dent admits that in "Prelude to Fame" (Two Cities) he is completely and unquestionably entertained. The most startling thing about the whole film is the performance of twelve-year-old Jeremy Spenser as the prodigy-conductor; his acting is "remarkable throughout," and the film is "thoroughly well-ordered, vivid and intelligent."

who has been able to find twelve children who all convincingly suggest that the clever and irresistible Miss Loy might really be their mother.



A FILM WHICH IS "IMMENSELY TOPICAL AND ENGAGES THE ATTENTION THROUGHOUT": "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME," SHOWING (L. TO R.) MORRIS (JULIEN MITCHELL) AND STEVENS (BERNARD MILES), WHO TAKE UP THE FACTORY MANAGER'S RASH CHALLENGE THAT HE WOULD WILLINGLY CHANGE PLACES WITH THEM.



"ANY FILMGOER WHO FINDS THIS A BORE MUST NECESSARILY FIND FRONT-PAGE NEWS A BORE": "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" (PILGRIM PICTURES), SHOWING DICKINSON (BASIL RADFORD) IN A SCENE FROM THIS FILM IN WHICH HE GIVES A VIVID PERFORMANCE AS THE FACTORY OWNER AND MANAGING-DIRECTOR.

Plenty of people around me, too, obviously found much entertainment in "Ballad of Berlin," a sour comedy or poignant farce made in Germany. This shows how a certain Otto Nobody—obviously meant to be Fritz Anybody—returned to Berlin after the war, discovered his own house occupied by tenants who refused to budge, and had to make do with a room of which only three walls were left standing. Otto has a series of dreams of bliss alternating with nightmares of terror. These are so frequent that it becomes difficult to distinguish dream-sequence from reality-sequence, and I cannot for the life of me recall whether a peculiarly terrifying doctor, whose amnesia was so bad that he could not give the name to the diseases he eagerly diagnosed, was actual or imagined. The film is remarkable technically for its sustained hallucinatory quality, for the sinister fooling of Gert Fröbe as Otto, and for a conclusion which shows this "good German" envisaging a life without fear of the future, of war, of selfishness, of indifference, of grumbling, and of hatred.

Complete and unquestionable entertainment in all senses comes, for me, at least, in the shape of "Prelude to Fame." This has a fresh, striking and convincing plot (built on a short story of Aldous Huxley's) about an Italian peasant-boy who is a born orchestral conductor. He is appropriated by a selfish and ambitious woman who longs to be known as a patroness of the arts (a good, consistent performance by Kathleen Byron). And he is saved from over-commercialisation and, incidentally, from nervous collapse, by the good offices of an English professor (reliable Guy Rolfe) and his wife (unreliable Kathleen Ryan).

Films about music and musicians almost invariably go off the rails in important details. This one stays to the track in a quite breath-taking and exceptional fashion. Both Robert Westerby, the author of the screen-play, and Fergus McDonnell obviously know their musical world, the great touring-star's milieu of what Beardsley used to call—

—réclame and recall,

Paris and St. Petersburg, Vienna and St. James's Hall.

The music we hear—mainly Weber, Beethoven and Borodin—is quite startlingly well played, and one is not surprised to learn from the programme that the

performers have been the Royal Philharmonic and the orchestra of the San Carlo Theatre at Naples. But most startling and verisimilar of all is the performance of little Jeremy Spenser as the prodigy-conductor. However it is managed, this boy-actor—he has the looks of a miniature Orson Welles—conducts a huge orchestra through the heavenly delicacies of the "Oberon" Overture [all of it, not the usual snippets]. Not only did he convince me, with every gesture, that he really was conducting the lovely stuff but I feel bound to

set down the conviction that, however my eyes may have been deceived, the result was the most thrilling and touching performance of this overture that has ever delighted my ears. I was not less—or only a shade less—impressed when this Infant Toscanini peremptorily stopped the orchestra in the scherzo of the "Eroica" Symphony and informed the second oboe that he was out of tune. But the child's performance is remarkable throughout, and the film is thoroughly well-ordered, vivid and intelligent. Here is true entertainment. The attention is agreeably occupied all the time.

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MAN AND THE UNIVERSE: A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON WORLD EVENTS.



ARMY DAY IN LONDON ON "MAY 7; FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, C.I.G.S., TAKING THE SALUTE IN HYDE PARK AS A DETACHMENT OF THE LIFE GUARDS, DISMOUNTED AND WEARING BATTLEDRESS, MARCH BY.

Army Day Parade was headed by the dismounted band of the Life Guards, and included representatives of the Household Cavalry, the Brigade of Guards, the 29th Infantry Brigade (with a detachment of R.A. field gunners), the W.R.A.C. and Sandhurst cadets. They marched from Wellington Barracks to Hyde Park, where Field Marshal Sir William Slim took the salute in Serpentine Road. Bad weather caused the cancellation of the projected drumhead service after the parade.



THE LAST OF THE "FLYING WINGS": THE WRECKAGE OF THE D.H. 108 WHICH CRASHED ON MAY 1.

The last of the three D.H. 108 experimental aircraft known as "flying wings" crashed on May 1 near Basingstoke, Hants. The test pilot, Squadron Leader G. E. C. Genders, A.F.C., D.F.M., was killed. Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland was killed in the first of these aircraft in September 1946, and Squadron Leader J. S. R. Muller-Rowland lost his life when the second crashed on February 15, 1950.



RIVALS TO BRUMAS AT THE LONDON ZOO: THE TWIN BROWN BEARS, DAPHNE AND JACK, BORN 3½ MONTHS AGO TO THE SYRIAN BROWN BEARS, MINNIE AND PICKLES.



THE REOPENING OF THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM: THE CENTRAL COURT, CONTAINING ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS.

Bethnal Green Museum, Cambridge Heath Road, E.2, which is a branch of the Victoria and Albert Museum, reopened to the public on May 6. The Central Court, which we illustrate, contains a collection of English water-colours and, in the more distant half, there is a well-arranged collection of English pottery, silverware, glass and other examples of applied arts.



A DOUKHOBOR DEMONSTRATION IN CANADA: MEMBERS OF THE FANATICAL SECT OF THE SONS OF FREEDOM STRIPPED TO THE WAIST WHILE THEIR HOUSES BURN.

The Sons of Freedom, fanatical members of the Doukhobor sect, burnt the residence of an orthodox Doukhobor leader on April 18, because it was claimed that it had become an "idol," and two days later, when charged with arson, set fire to their own village of Crestova. During the conflagration they stripped to the waist and chanted Russian hymns. The Canadian Government is asking the Doukhobors in British Columbia to leave Canada.



EVACUEES ARRIVE IN HONG KONG FROM COMMUNIST-HELD CHINA: THE SCENE ON KOWLOON WHARF AS PASSENGERS DISEMBARK FROM THE GENERAL GORDON ON MAY 3.

The liner *General Gordon* reached Hong Kong on May 3 from Taku Bar with some 950 passengers on board, most of them evacuated from Shanghai, where they had been for a considerable period. Ninety-three were United States Government officers and their dependents, but the company included men and women of many nationalities, and there were 336 stateless persons. Our photograph gives some idea of the scene on the quay with relatives and friends crowding round.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MEISSEN, VIENNA AND BOW.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IF I were asked to select something from the thousands of examples which have survived and could be said to epitomise the spirit and the achievement of the Continental porcelain factories of the eighteenth century, I should be tempted to single out Fig. 1 on this page, which turned up in a sale at Sotheby's in March of this year. The more serious-minded reader will perhaps frown at the choice of so frivolous and foppish a personage, with its Lovat Fraserish tailoring and its air of mannered indifference, as if it was just strolling out of "The Beggar's Opera" (it is, in fact, an operatic subject)—but porcelain manufacture of this luxurious character was nothing if not frivolous in intent, and this particular little fop, to my mind, accords well with the remark of that Duke of Württemberg who announced, with a flourish, that for a prince of his rank, a porcelain factory was "an indispensable accompaniment of splendour and magnificence." Indeed, for all its fragile gaiety, and within the somewhat narrow limits of its style—and we have no right to demand the insight of an Epstein in this kind of modelling—it is splendid and magnificent with the fairy-tale splendour of a nursery tale, wherein princes should be unmistakably princes. The figure is well known to collectors as "The Squire of Alsatia," and is by

the man who is considered the most original of the Meissen masters, J. J. Kaendler. The tricorne hat is black, the coat yellow. My second choice would very likely, I think, be something of a different character; not perhaps really typical, but having in it the germ of a style which I seem to see developed to wonderful effect in modern times. This is the boy with a boat (Fig. 2), dressed in a green hat with a gold ribbon and a pink suit with a green sash. The boat is yellow. In many respects this is a more original model, an extremely ingenious curvilinear experiment. The pretty, improbable colours and the charming sentiment combine to



FIG. 2. FROM THE FACTORY AT VIENNA SET UP BY CLAUDE DU PAQUIER IN 1718: A BOY WITH A BOAT.

Frank Davis in his article describes this engaging little figure as "an extremely ingenious curvilinear experiment."

make one forget how interesting is the purely geometrical construction. (No, this is not high-falutin' nonsense—just common or garden mathematics.) Rightly or wrongly, I detect in this figure something of the spirit and much of the easy grace—not, of course, the colour—of certain of the models made recently by the Royal Copenhagen factory, where also are being carried out to-day some interesting and by no means unsuccessful experiments in the production of a modern European celadon. This engaging piece comes from the factory at Vienna which was set up

by Claude du Paquier in 1718. How many ever think of Vienna in connection with porcelain? Meissen we know, and Sèvres we know—Vienna scarcely at all, so overshadowed is it by its more famous neighbours. Yet it was genuinely important, not merely because of its own distinguished wares, but because it was the source from which several other German factories derived their impetus,



FIG. 1. KNOWN AS "THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA": A MEISSEN FIGURE MODELLED BY J. J. KAENDLER.

This figure may be described as an epitome of the spirit and achievement of the Continental porcelain factories of the eighteenth century.

just as Vienna itself derived from Meissen. Secrets, as we know to our cost in more serious affairs, are not easily kept in a free world, and the attempt of the Meissen management to prevent its workmen leaving was unsuccessful. Du Paquier started his business with the help of a certain Samuel Stölzel, who had found Saxony not to his liking, and was the owner till 1744, when the enterprise was taken over by the Austrian State. Now a very bright rolling-stone comes into the story, J. J. Ringler, who seems to have had a way with him—he is said to have learnt the principle of kiln construction (the foundation of the whole process) from Du Paquier's daughter and thereafter wandered round selling his knowledge to whoever would buy—and that is a very long story. Up till 1744 pieces from Vienna do not bear the mark of the shield, in its way as famous as the crossed

swords of Meissen. From 1744 to 1749 this shield appears impressed. Then from 1749 till 1827 it is in blue; the impressed mark was revived in 1827 till 1850; and from 1850 till 1864 it is again in blue. In the eighteenth century, after 1784, the last two numerals of the date are often found impressed in addition to the shield, and the last three numerals in the nineteenth century. This particular piece bears the shield in blue, and the impressed mark "Q" of the repairer J. U. Mohr. So much for Vienna, and back now to Meissen and to J. J. Kaendler, whose modelling is so lively and crisp that it is difficult to get away from him for long. Fig. 3 is as good an example as any of his facility and of the extreme neatness of the detail. (Note, for instance, the sweep of the hair back from the forehead, and the expression of the half-open mouth.) In spite of some damage, a useful piece from which to acquire insight into his quality. Pale-blue coat with gold facings, red cloak lined with yellow, iron-red breeches, white purse slung from a mauve ribbon.

By way of contrast, though it is next to impossible to distinguish surface quality, and the difference between the hard- and soft-paste, from an illustration—that is a matter of an experienced eye and wise fingers: you must *handle* these things for yourself—here are some Bow figures. Both the Bow factory and Chelsea were in operation by about 1745, and like the other English establishments which started a few years later—Worcester, Lowestoft and the rest—they worked in soft-paste, with a technique acquired from French potters. Bow pieces possess an undeniable naïve charm, and these provide an adequate impression of the factory's standards—pretty enough, but they do not possess the crisp decision or the inventiveness of Meissen. The girl rests her right arm on a milk pail and holds a beaker in her left hand. The boy is raising a bottle to his mouth and leans on a basket. Colours mainly puce and pink. The actor in Turkish costume, presumably some years earlier than the boy and girl, is thought to represent Garrick in the part of Tamerlane (Figs. 4, 5, 6). A word as to the phrases "soft-paste" and "hard-paste."



FIG. 3. ILLUSTRATING THE LIVELY AND CRISP STYLE OF HIS MODELLING: A MEISSEN FIGURE OF A BAGPIPER BY J. J. KAENDLER.

The sweep of the hair back from the forehead and the expression of the half-open mouth illustrate the facility and neatness of J. J. Kaendler's style.



FIG. 4. ONE OF A PAIR OF BOW FIGURES, "THE TOPERS": THE GIRL DRINKING AS SHE LEANS ON A MILK PAIL.

The Bow factory was in operation by c. 1745 and worked in soft-paste with a technique acquired from French potters.



FIG. 5. ONE OF A PAIR OF BOW FIGURES, "THE TOPERS": THE BOY DRINKING WITH ONE ARM ON A BASKET.

The girl in the pair of Bow figures known as "The Toppers" leans on a milk pail to quaff her refreshment, while the boy rests his arm on a basket.



FIG. 6. THOUGHT TO BE GARRICK IN THE PART OF "TAMERLANE": A BOW FIGURE OF AN ACTOR.

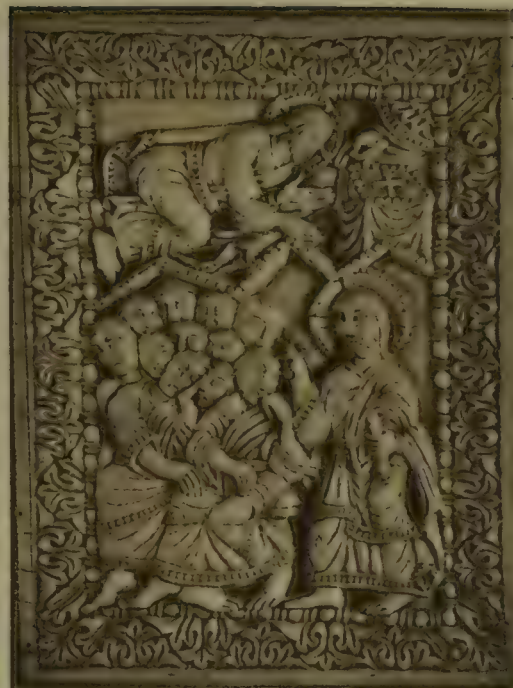
The actor in Turkish dress—puce cap, white tunic, ermine-lined brown cloak and brown boots—is presumably earlier than "The Toppers."

porcelains comprise Chinese, German, Japanese and modern Continental porcelains and—a little surprisingly—Plymouth pieces from 1768 to 1770, and Bristol pieces, 1770-1780. Both these are of Cornish materials. "Soft-paste" is of two kinds: (1) the rare early glassy variety—Florence (sixteenth century), Rouen (seventeenth century) and the early French and English porcelains (eighteenth century); then (2) the bone-paste kind—in England, later eighteenth century and during the nineteenth century, with the two exceptions mentioned above.

IVORY MASTERPIECES ON VIEW AT LUTON HOO: THE OPENING OF THE WERNHER COLLECTION.



ST. STEPHEN RECEIVING DEACON'S ORDERS: A WEST GERMAN IVORY RELIEF, TENTH TO ELEVENTH CENTURY, PROBABLY THE LID OF A CASKET, FROM THE COLLECTION AT LUTON HOO, FORMED BY THE LATE SIR JULIUS WERNHER.



A CAROLINGIAN TENTH-ELEVENTH-CENTURY CARVING OF THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN, ON A BOOK COVER.



A FRENCH FOURTEENTH-CENTURY POLYPTYCH: THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ARE IN THE CENTRAL PANEL, AND THE FOLDING WINGS BEAR SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN.



A FRENCH MASTERPIECE OF CONSUMMATE GRACE AND REFINEMENT: AN IVORY STATUETTE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, C. 1300-1320.

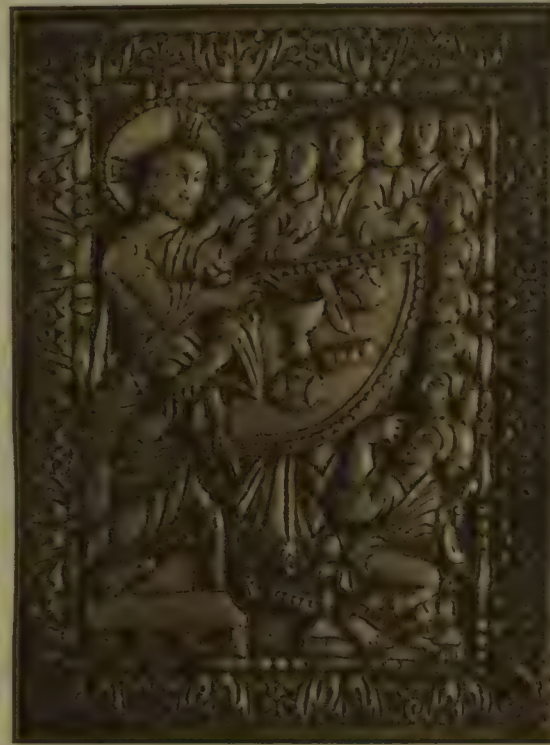


REPRESENTING THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN: PART OF A FRENCH FOURTEENTH-CENTURY DIPTYCH. THE OTHER HALF IS IN THE BABOUIN COLLECTION, LYONS.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH MIRROR-CASE: THE SUBJECT OF THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE OF LOVE, WITH ARMOURD KNIGHTS FIGHTING FURIOUSLY WHILE LADIES THROW DOWN GARLANDS AND CROWNS, WAS VERY POPULAR.

ONE of the most important of the houses now thrown open to the public is Luton Hoo, seat of Major-General Sir Harold Wernher, Bart. G.C.V.O., which contains the collection of works of art formed by the late Sir Julius Wernher, the Ludlow collection of English porcelain, formed by Sir Harold's mother, and Russian works of art, the property of Lady Zia Wernher. Luton Hoo is open from May to October inclusive (Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays). We reproduce a selection of the early ivories, which include a tenth-century Byzantine triptych (not illustrated), Carolingian and Romanesque masterpieces, and examples of French fourteenth-century work. Sir Julius Wernher acquired these ivories just before the American collectors, Morgan and Frick, went into the market, and dominated it. He was a leading figure in the world of finance and had little time to devote to collecting. Deals concerned with art were usually carried out at the breakfast-table.



A CAROLINGIAN TENTH-ELEVENTH-CENTURY CARVING OF THE LAST SUPPER: ONE OF TWO BOOK-LEAVES. THE OTHER BEARS THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

DUTCH PAINTING IN A CURRENT SHOW: LANDSCAPE AND COUNTRY MANNERS.



"FIRE AT AMSTERDAM"; BY AERT VAN DER NEER (1603-AMSTERDAM-LEYDEN-1677). FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. H. W. LEIGH BENNETT, WICKHAM HOUSE. (14½ by 20 ins.)



"STILL LIFE ON A TERRACE"; BY ABRAHAM SUSENIER, (c. 1620-DORDRECHT c. 1664). BIRD DECOYS ARE VISIBLE IN THE PARK IN THE BACKGROUND. Signed with initials. (19 by 16 ins.)



"ON THE DUNES OF SCHEVENINGEN"; BY PIETER CODDE (1600-AMSTERDAM-1678). FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. L. W. NEELD, GRITTLETON HOUSE. Signed with initials. (18½ by 27½ ins.)



"ICE HOCKEY ON A FROZEN RIVER"; BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (1600-HAARLEM-1670). AN ANIMATED SCENE BELOW THE RAMPARTS OF DEVENTER. Signed with initials and dated 1653. (Panel. 22 by 31½ ins.)



"THE BRIDGE"; BY NICHOLAS BERCHEM (1620-HAARLEM, AMSTERDAM, 1683). FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. L. W. NEELD, GRITTLETON HOUSE. Signed in full. (Panel. 16 by 19½ ins.)



"THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE"; BY JAN STEEN (1626-LEYDEN-THE HAGUE-DELFT-HAARLEM-LEYDEN-1679). A FINE AND WELL-DOCUMENTED WORK. Signed in full. (34 by 41½ ins.)

The splendour and variety of the art of the Low Countries are admirably displayed at the 1950 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters which was due to open at Eugene Slatter's Gallery in Old Bond Street on May 10. The lavishly-illustrated catalogues of the show (which will continue until July 8) are being sold in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The paintings which we reproduce on this and the facing page illustrate some of the facets of the art of the Low Countries, which include landscapes with figures, still-life subjects, and interiors. On our facing

page we give a quartet of attractive domestic scenes, and on this we illustrate Jan Steen's brilliant record of a jovial, if less edifying occasion, "The Effects of Intemperance"—in which every kind of domestic disaster consequent on over-indulgence in liquor is depicted with more wit and humour than coarseness. An interesting point to be noted in the "Still Life on a Terrace" is that the park in the background contains two bird decoys, with the figure of the keeper behind a tree to the left of the decoy on the right of the painting.

DOMESTICITY IN DUTCH PAINTING: CALM AND GRACIOUS INTERIORS.



"THE PEACH"; BY JACOB OCHTERVELT (1635-ROTTERDAM-AMSTERDAM-1700).
Signed in full. (Reproduced by courtesy of Sir Robert Mayer.) (15½ by 16½ ins.)



"AN INTERIOR"; BY QUIRYN BREKELENKAM (1620-LEYDEN-1668). FORMERLY
IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WALTER.
Signed with initials and dated 1664. (Panel. 20 by 16½ ins.)



"THE YOUNG MOTHER"; BY SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAATEN (1627-DORDRECHT-1678).
FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF COLONEL H. A. CLOWES, NORBURY, ASHBOURNE.
Signed with initials. (19½ by 15½ ins.)

The works on view in the 1950 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters, which was due to open at the Eugene Slatter Gallery, Old Bond Street, on May 10 (catalogues in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution), include a number of fine examples of seventeenth-century interiors, the *genre* pictures for which Dutch artists of the period are famous. These paintings reflect the family life of the Low Countries and are fascinating, both for the light they shed on social customs and because of their high artistic importance. The young mother painted by van Hoogstraten



"THE YOUNG GREENGROCER"; BY CORNELIS BEGA (1620-HAARLEM-1664). FORMERLY
IN THE COLLECTION OF CAPTAIN W. H. FRANCE-HAYHURST, BOSTOCK HALL.
Signed in full and dated 1649. (32½ by 25½ ins.)

is richly dressed, and seated beside the cradle, whose occupant must be her first child. She wears jewels, and the table at her side is covered with a fine Persian rug, as was the custom at the time. The Dutch preoccupation with bodily comfort and with food is illustrated in many paintings, such as the Quiryn Brekelenkam of the lady choosing fish, who, by the way, has kicked off one of her pointed slippers, for extra comfort, no doubt; and the Cornelis Bega of the young greengrocer who awaits customers, her scales ready in her hand.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt because the war was a giant calamity, some novelists have felt obliged to treat it on a huge scale. And certainly these mammoth war books take a lot out of one. But when exhausted nature has revived, they leave not a rack behind—only a general impression of size and frightfulness. Their point has been obliterated by their much speaking. Of course, the chief examples are American. Now we have a contrast in technique, a model of concise statement: and most appropriately it is French. "Week-end at Zuydcoote," by Robert Merle (John Lehmann; 9s. 6d.), knows just what it has to say, and therefore can go on to say it as the crow flies. A week-end is enough to represent the whole war, and war as such.

Not in abstract terms, but with the utmost concrete simplicity. This is a view of Dunkirk from the other side. The English are being embarked; the French are waiting to become P.O.W.s. Authority has turned its back on them, and they have nothing to do—nothing but picnic on the beaches in the fine summer haze, and dodge the Stukas if they can, and watch the Tommies queuing for little boats that hold six men at a time. And little groups of the deserted have begun to "play house," and even settle into grooves. The rough, bearded Alexandre, maternal genius of the "caravan," is really put out if one man happens to sit down in another's "place." It violates his sense of order and of home comfort.

One of his little family is Maillat, an intellectual, and the central figure of the book. For Maillat this experience has no point at all. He doesn't see it as unique, "the war of his life"; it is a war like all the rest, and therefore debunked by history. And so the ordeal is completely senseless. Till now he has believed a little—just enough to keep going; after this, will he believe in anything?

But still there is an urge to live and escape. He speaks English well, and finally succeeds in reaching an English cargo-boat. It is attacked and set ablaze by dive-bombers, and he swims ashore. The other men can't jump; they have reached the sticking-place, and at the very peak of urgency their will has refused. It is the same with Jeanne, the young girl stranded in the fatal house; she can't leave it. And when Maillat goes back to her, he is consenting to paralysis in his turn.

Dialogue and detail—visual and human detail—are at least half the story. Each incident is sharp with life, yet there are touches of an almost fairy-tale queerness, as though the whole thing were a mirage. The ghastly moments could not be worse, but they are treated with a strict reserve and not gloated over. And to conclude, the English come out very well, although they have their full share of oddity.

In "A Morning at the Office," by Edgar Mittelholzer (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.), the plot is nothing and the play of character very slight. But then the office is in Port of Spain. And this provides a theme in itself, a small, incomparable field for social analysis.

There are fourteen members of the staff. The manager and his assistant are Englishmen. The sweeper is a negress. And in between, there is a whole gamut of races, Chinese and Indian, Portuguese and Spanish Creole, and the "coloured" of every shade. And as a natural result, every grade and texture of inferiority complex. Even the assistant manager has one. He is completely idle, and aware of it; but then, he is white, and so, of course, he "rates" a large salary. Yet there are moments when he can't exactly see why: or why, knowing nothing of accounts, he should be paid to supervise Mr. Jagabir.

The reason is that Jagabir, although an expert, is an East Indian—among the lowest of the low. And yet one can't say that unreservedly; Miss Bisnauth is an Indian too, yet she is much higher in the scale and mixes with the good coloured families. Among the coloured families themselves, there are gradations innumerable—difference of wealth and culture, but above all, of hair and skin...

The writer knows them intimately, and his social sketches are fascinating. As for the events—the negro office-boy is desperately in love with a coloured girl far above his station, and thanks to Jagabir his secret comes out. And there are other bits and pieces. From time to time we are surprised by a digression on the history of some object—the office door, the key, the right front leg of a desk. Still more surprising is the advent of a young coloured writer, who has thought out the same technique—he calls it "telescopic objectivity"—and is pronounced to be a great man.

In "The Fox Sisters" (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), Magdalen King-Hall presents the true and unvarnished story of a couple of once-famous mediums. Their career began at Hydesville, Wayne County, in the 1840's. It was a kind of accident. Their parents had removed to a "haunted" house, well known for rappings and the like; and when the little Foxes came on the scene, the rappings quickly turned into spirit messages. They were only children; but they had a much older sister, Leah, a businesslike and jolly termagant, who pounced on their "gift," and set out to exploit it in a big way. It was a vast success. They grew up to be world-famous, execrated and adored, a centre of raging controversy. And they both died of drink. But not till Margaretta had declared herself a fraud, and then recanted her recantation.

This writer thinks she was a fraud, but does not go boldly into it. The facts are beautifully handled, with an exquisite sense of period; but they are not a good novel in themselves, and the treatment here is too self-denying. The very qualities which make it a *tour de force* have made it, in the end, rather dull.

"Second Confession," by Rex Stout (Collins; 8s. 6d.), although an admirable Wolfe, is not so profound a mystery as the jacket leads one to suppose. I guessed the murderer, and I am not very good at guessing. Still, it is really none the worse.

James U. Sperling, chairman of the Continental Mines Corporation, wants to separate a headstrong young daughter from an undesirable young man. He believes her swain to be a Communist, which would do the trick, if he could only prove it. So he applies to Nero Wolfe. Wolfe has a better scheme, and turns on the faithful Archie—not to expose the suitor, but to cut him out. Which brings us to the corpse, and the voice of Moriarty (or Mr. Zeck, to be precise) and all the usual excitements.

CHESS NOTES.

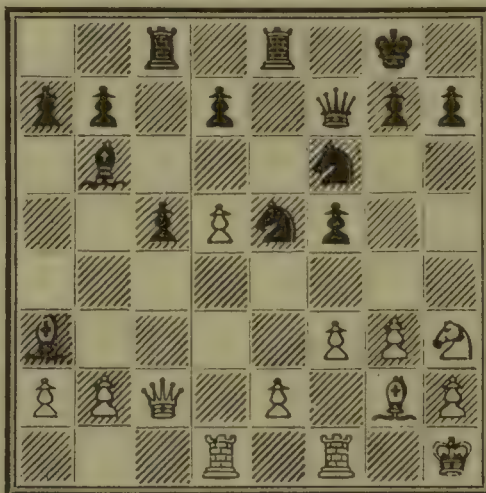
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are a couple of "flashes" from the recent international tournament at Southsea which might be used to illustrate the theme "How congress games are won and lost."

Not always does the ultimate victor crash through the defences of paralysed opponents, round after round; more normally, he succeeds by husbanding his reserves of freshness, playing soundly and with only sufficient aggressiveness to worry his opponents without overtaxing himself and, above all, remaining ready and able to punish the least error... It is rather the rule than the exception that the best games in a tournament or more exactly, the most exciting, are those played by the runner-up. To combine brilliance with reliability is an ideal to which few below the stature of an Alekhine can attain!

A neat combination by the British champion. Black here played 21... Kt×QP, but wished he hadn't. Why? (Answer below.)

BLACK (L. DERBY).



WHITE (H. GOLOMBEK).

Now turn to the second diagram.

Black here played 12... P-QKt3. Why is this a grievous error?

BLACK (A. T. WATSON).



WHITE (R. G. WADE).

SOLUTION TO THE FIRST DIAGRAM.

The game continued: 22. R×Kt, Q×R; 23. P-B4, Q-B5; 24. Q×Qch, Kt×Q; 25. B-Q5ch, K-R1; 26. B×Kt and White has gained two knights for rook and pawn—a very slight but a useful material advantage.

SECOND DIAGRAM.

Because of 13. B×Kt, B×B; 14. Q-K4 winning the undefended rook through the threat of mate.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BEAUTY IN PAINT AND PRINT.

IT is given to few men to achieve undying fame in one branch of art and at the same time to be a pioneer in another. The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the Oxford maths "Don," will live, as long as there are child-like minds in any age, as Lewis Carroll, the inventor of "Alice." But in photography he stands out as one of the two great amateur pioneers of the art (the other, curiously enough, was a woman). Mr. Helmut Gernsheim, in writing his life of this lady, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, kept crossing the tracks of Lewis Carroll. This determined him to pursue the matter more closely,

and as a result we have an enchanting book, "Lewis Carroll: Photographer" (Parrish; 17s. 6d.). Lewis Carroll was no more than a shy young don in holy orders when he took up photography in the middle 'fifties. It was no small undertaking in those days. "Wet-plate" photography would deter any amateur to-day. Before an exposure could be taken, "although collodion could be bought ready made, the polishing of the glass plate to obtain a chemically clean surface, the coating itself, the vagaries of the silver nitrate bath, all demanded extremely skilful manipulation. It is certainly no easy matter to balance an 8 in. by 10 in. glass plate—the largest size Lewis Carroll handled—between the thumb and forefinger of one hand while pouring on the collodion with the other, at the same time gently tilting the plate to make the emulsion flow evenly all over it." But that was not all. There was the sensitising bath. Then the sensitive surface of the plate had to be kept wet during the exposure—and it had to be kept clean. And all this before the plate had been exposed for the 45 seconds or so for which (at the minimum) Lewis Carroll asked his sitters to keep still.

But weighed down by masses of heavy equipment Lewis Carroll travelled about the country in the "vacs," taking what, even to-day are first-class photographs. His sitters were mainly of two types, the great—and little girls. He, the shy, the retiring, who hated to be lionised himself, became a fearless lion-hunter in the interests of his art. (Even at a distance of ninety years it is difficult not to blush with, and for, Lewis Carroll in his candidly recorded account of the snub he received from the undergraduate Prince of Wales.) But although we are indebted to him for some remarkable photographs of the great of his time—notably Tennyson and the Pre-Raphaelites, these are for the historian. His portraits of little girls (and what a pity Tenniel did not choose the delightful original "Alice" here reproduced than the model he actually used) are for all time. His rare capacity for entering into the mind of childhood—or, rather, young girlhood, for he didn't like little boys—and capturing, transmuting and re-transmuting some of the magic that lies behind young eyes (so soon to become unperceptive) was part of Lewis Carroll's continual harking back to the age of innocence. The results captured on those sticky "wet plates," with the expenditure of so much time and patience, are here reproduced for our delight.

Some have believed that Lewis Carroll gave up his photography because of the introduction of the dry-plate. The truth was that he gave it up in order to devote himself entirely to writing. There is no doubt, however, that he disliked the dry-plate as destroying the creative or "artistic" quality in photography. Mr. William Johnstone, in a revised and enlarged edition of "Creative Art in Britain" (Macmillan; 50s.), tilts at some similar windmills. He maintains the interesting point of view that real creative feeling—with the exception of a few artists, such as Hogarth—went out of British art when Holbein, the Reformation and consequent patronage came in. The book is in fact a glossy, finely illustrated (and I may say convincing) sermon on British art's decline from the child-like vigour of our primitive ancestors or the mediæval craftsmen. Mr. Johnstone is as wise as he is challenging. "The vitality of tradition," he says, "lies in its tolerance of change. Our present need is for adventurous experiment, but it must be remembered that the falsely experimental is as prevalent as the falsely traditional." A palpable hit.

Mr. Johnstone may be right in maintaining that British art lost something of its creative originality by working to the orders of rich patrons who had picked up foreign ideas on their grand tours. But that the adaptation of foreign forms to native genius produced unique beauty can, I think, be admitted from looking at "English Furniture Illustrated," by Oliver Brackett (Benn; 44 4s.). This lovely book will make the connoisseur and collector sigh for the fact that, as things are, the quest for dollars will in time send so much of this furniture of breath-taking beauty across the Atlantic. (Query: Should not the Government forbid the export of our dwindling native art treasures?) Oliver Brackett is dead, but Mr. H. Clifford Smith has revised the book, and we are indebted to him (among other things) for some admirable detective work in bringing to light William Vile, who produced work of such exquisite delicacy for George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The quality of the British domestic craftsman—and through the centuries he has preserved his innate inarticulate "feeling," whether working on a Blenheim or a Stowe, or making a door or a chest for a small manor house—is nowhere more typically displayed than in "the full noble city" of York. Mr. J. B. Morrell's sumptuous "Woodwork in York" (Batsford; 30s.) is much more than its name implies. It is a full and loving history

of the civic life of a great English city impinging on its native craftsmen—and vice-versa. At a time when an appeal is being launched for the restoration of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, Mr. G. H. Cook's "Portrait of Salisbury Cathedral" (Phoenix; 12s. 6d.) could scarcely be more apropos. I hope it will do much to stimulate interest in the fund. It deserves to.

Oxonians—and they are probably a majority—who come down without ever having been inside All Souls' Chapel, will have missed some of the finest late-mediaeval glass in the country. They can repair the gap in their education by getting "Mediaeval Glass at All Souls' College," by F. E. Hutchinson, based on the notes of G. M. Rushforth (Faber; 21s.). A book which is written and illustrated in a manner worthy of its subject.

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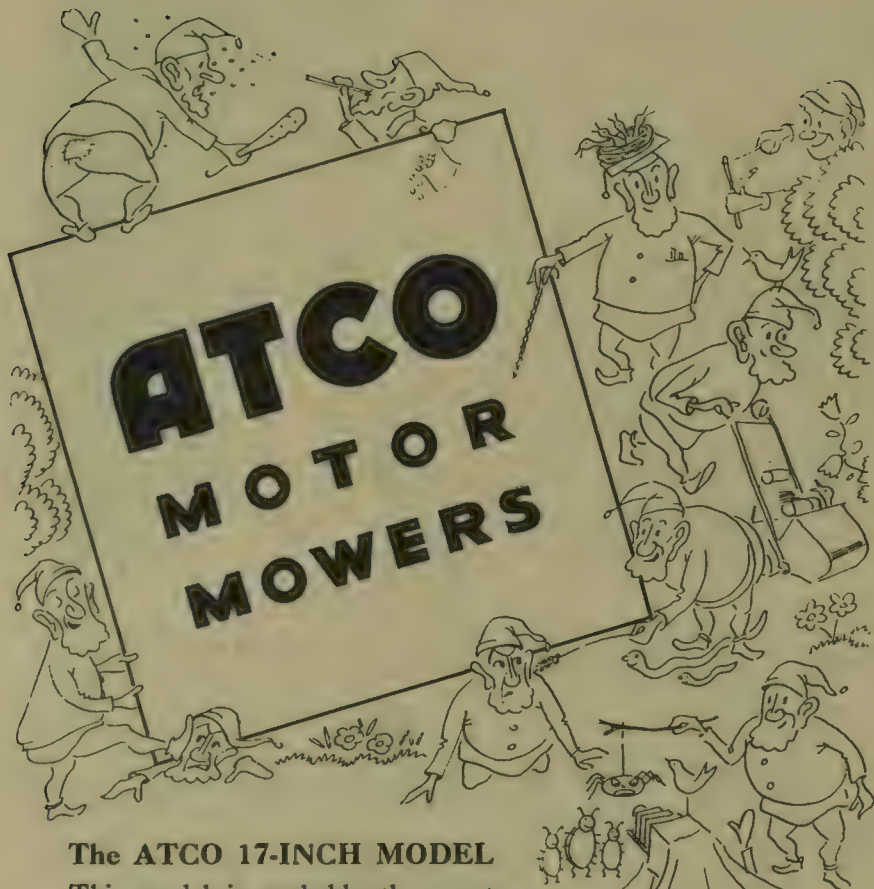
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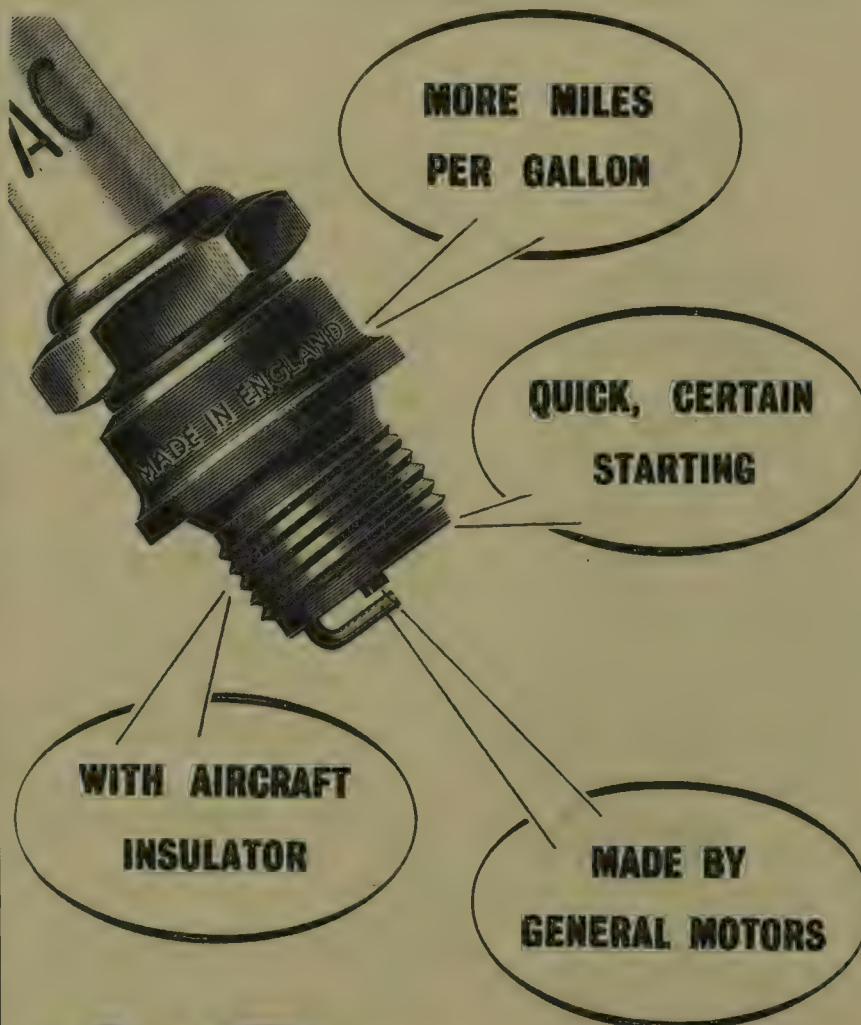
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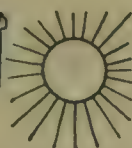
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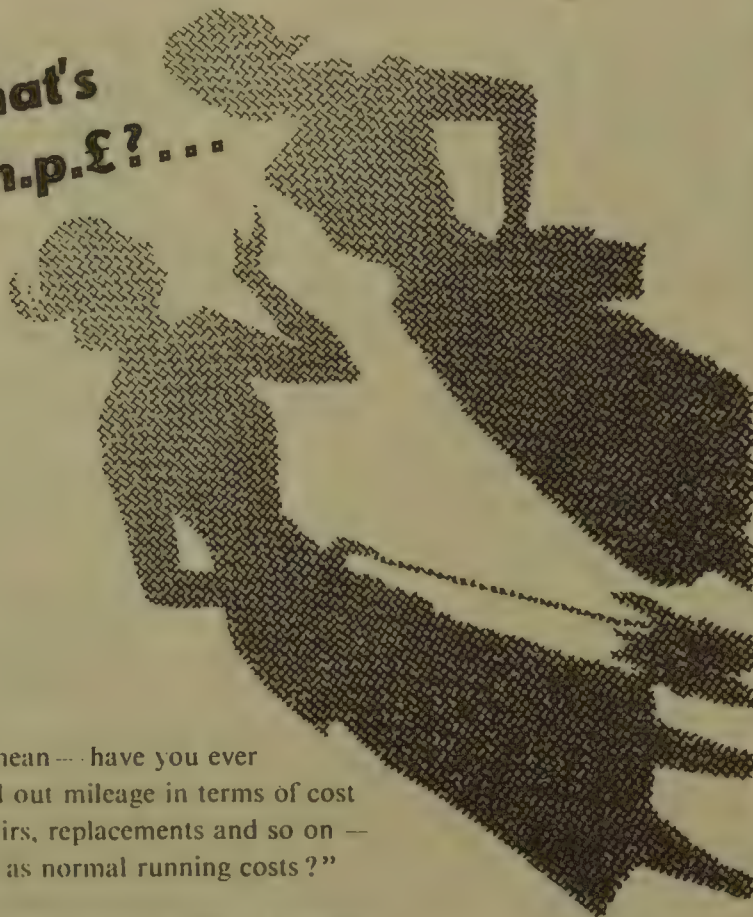
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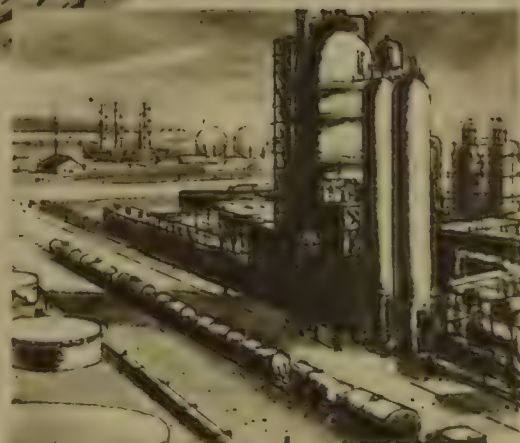
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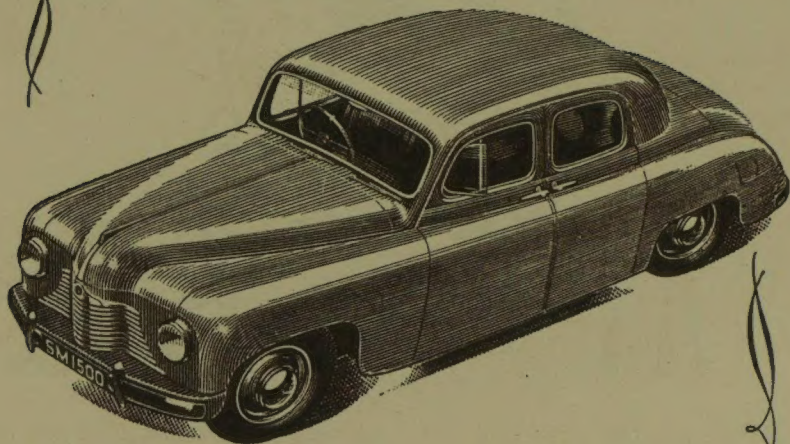
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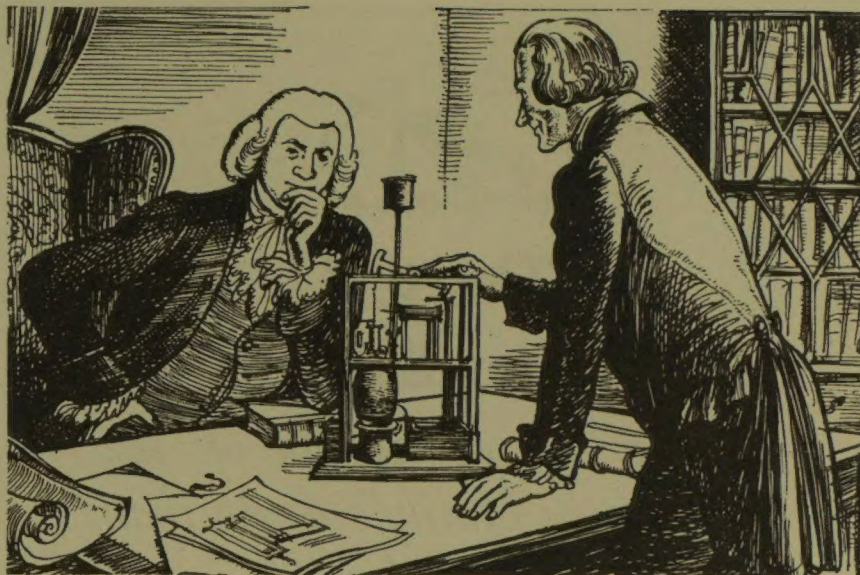


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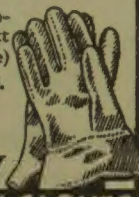
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